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THE WORLD THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES ❧ BY JESSIE A. ACKERMANN ❧❧ INTRODUCTION BY WILLIAM E. CURTIS ❧❧ ILLUSTRATED ❧❧

CHICAGO
❧ 1896 ❧

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.. TO ..

RICHARD HENRY PRATT

Captain of the Tenth Cavalry U. S. A., and Superintendent of the

INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

The Projector and Founder of the Greatest
EDUCATIONAL AND INDIVIDUALIZING ENTERPRISE
In the World

And to the Students of that School, this Volume is Dedicated
with the hope that the great possibilities of the Red
Man may become better known and a deeper
interest awakened in the first
natives of our land.

PREFACE.

Happily, the day has passed when it was the fashion for authors to apologize for their printed works. If a book has no reason for being, no number of apologies can make it acceptable; if it has a right to existence, no apology for it is necessary. It is left to those who may glance through these pages to determine to which class this little volume belongs.

A word of explanation is, however, due to both reader and writer. Most of the papers comprised in this book appeared in the *Ladies' Home Companion* during the year 1895. All were penned under numerous difficulties of time and place, and with no attempt at literary finish. In short, they are simply a series of rambling notes culled from many chapters in a rambling life. Let the sensible reader take it for granted that the author would cheerfully agree with him in changing whatever he would alter, and in leaving out whatever he would omit.

No mention is made in these pages of the great island continent of Australia, where the author spent much time. To present anything approaching an adequate picture of this wonderful land a whole volume would be necessary. Such a work the author has now in course of leisurely preparation, and in due season hopes to submit it to the public eye.

Chicago, Ill., January, 1896.

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INTRODUCTORY.

This volume illustrates what a woman who wills can do. While we would not like to have our wives and mothers and sisters and daughters always going about the earth, it is a source of genuine satisfaction to have it demonstrated that they can, if they care to do so. It marks an epoch, too, in the science of travel, as well as in the progress of womanhood when a girl like Miss Ackermann encircles the globe, and visits each continent and archipelago and island to learn what other women are doing, and how they are getting on in the succession of labor and leisure, smiles and sadness, coming and going that we call life. It isn't a very big world, although it looks enormous upon the map, and cheerful and thoughtful men and women will find friends and pleasures and opportunities for usefulness everywhere. Nor is there much peril in traveling. More people are knocked down by bicycles and run over by cable and trolley cars in our cities annually than are killed in railway accidents or lost at sea. Nevertheless it takes courage and ability to cut the cords of conventionality and sail away in any direction that is unknown.

One might use large adjectives and long sentences to describe such undertakings as this young American woman has accomplished if she had not told it so well herself. The privilege of writing an introduc-

tion to this volume included permission to say anything I pleased, and therefore I take the liberty, without her knowledge, to disclose some secrets about the author that I am sure will add to its interest and value.

At once after graduation Miss Ackermann entered the Temperance Mission Work, and was sent to establish life-saving stations in Alaska. From that field she came as a delegate to the great National Convention that was held in the Metropolitan Opera House of New York, in 1888, and was there appointed a Round-the-World Missionary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

There have been women travelers before, but I know of none who have made so extended and systematic a journey, or brought back so valuable and interesting a fund of information. In the early days of the Conquest a young Spanish nun came over the sea, and carried the story of the Blessed Virgin and the Christ Child to the savage tribes in all the dark corners of South America. She wore a rosary at her girdle, and carried a cross in her hand, and left behind her an aroma of sweetness and light that was like a benediction.

In her travels, Miss Ackermann wore the white ribbon of the W. C. T. U., and with simple, gentle eloquence made the purpose of that organization known along a trail that measures 200,000 miles. She held 1,417 meetings, delivered 870 lectures and made 447 informal addresses. She spoke the gospel of temperance and purity upon 41 steamers and

vessels of war, and in 182 pulpits; she visited 1,140 Sunday-schools, 176 day schools and 69 Bands of Hope; initiated 647 Good Templars, fastened white ribbons upon 8,479 breasts, and she received the pledges of 7,460 men. She wrote 5,949 letters, 420 newspaper articles, 220 letters to home papers, printed 60,000 leaflets and 2,000 manuals, and raised $8,976, which she expended in her work as she journeyed on. This might have been the labor of a lifetime, but Miss Ackermann crowded it into six short years.

Those who have seen the Southern Cross, hanging like a cluster of jewels in the Antarctic heavens, and have celebrated the Fourth of July upon an iceberg, know that the greatest benefit of travel is to teach the blessings of our own country.

There is sunshine and happiness everywhere, but it hasn't been equally distributed, and there is a very truthful little couplet which a Buddhist priest in Japan once quoted to me:

"Go East or West,
But Home is best."

The loveliest music I ever heard was "Home, Sweet Home," played by a band upon the bridge of a battleship in the Mediterranean," and the most beautiful sight I ever witnessed was "Old Glory" floating from the topmast of a little steamer fifteen thousand miles from Washington.

WILLIAM ELROY CURTIS.

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ALASKA.

CHAPTER I.

SOME REMARKS ON ENGLISH-SPEAKING WOMEN.

THIS chapter, though seemingly irrelevant to the narrative of my wanderings in far-off lands, is penned with a distinct object in view. What this object is will shortly be made apparent to the patient reader.

Woman has always been an object of interest, doubtless because she "dates so far back." In all ages, men have tried to tell, in story and song, the charms, graces and virtues of woman. We can scarcely turn over a page of ancient or modern literature without reading her praises.

Someone has said, "God's last, best and greatest gift to the first man was woman;" and another,

> "The earth was sad, the garden was a wild;
> And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled."

I have seen somewhere, a word picture of the first man. He paced the garden up and down; walked beside the rippling stream; listened to the music of the wind among the rustling leaves, and the song of the wild bird; but his soul was not satisfied, and to complete Creation was wrought a masterpiece—"God's last, best and greatest gift to the first man."

These are beautiful tributes to "the sex whose presence civilizes man," as Cowper has it; but how few of us realize that such sentiments have significance for about only one-fourth of the women of the world!

English-speaking women are the recipients of more courtesy and greater civility than those of any other race or tongue. We meet a gentleman, and as a mark of respect he bares his head—we expect him to do it. We enter a crowded room or car, and a gentleman at once rises to give us his seat. It is accepted—sometimes without rendered thanks, I am sorry to say,—as a matter of course, a courtesy due our sex. Yet with all this deference shown us, and all manner of attentions bestowed upon us, there are really few contented English-speaking women. We are alway longing to be something we are not; reaching for things just beyond our grasp; trying to climb to heights we can never attain. This longing, yearning, climbing, or trying to climb, has led to a great unrest among womankind. The air is electric with it, and in these days it has taken the form of the "New Woman." Next will come the "New Girl"; with these developments the "Old Man" and the "Old Boy" will have a lively chase to keep up with woman in the race of life. The outgrowth of all this "reaching out" seems to be an increasing discontent among women.

I have just completed a second tour of the world. It covered a period of six years, and during this time I traveled the great distance of one hundred and fifty

thousand miles. I was a guest in nearly two thousand homes; all kinds of homes, rich and poor, high and low—from the palace, government house and castle to the thatched cot of the sturdy farmer, the canvas or tin tent of the miner, and the bark hut of the lumber camp. I have seen life in all its varied forms, and under every condition, and I have found few really contented women, so few that they could be counted on my fingers.

What is the matter with these women, do you ask? Everything. Let me illustrate. I go to one house where everything is beautiful and lovely. Surely, I think, this must be a "heaven to go to heaven in." After I have been there a few days I express my appreciation of my surroundings. "What a pleasant home you have!" I say. The good woman is fully conscious that little could be added, either of comfort or adornment, and she replies, "Yes, I can have anything I want for my home; I sometimes think I never have a chance to express a wish concerning it; every want is anticipated."

Here she draws a long breath and continues, "But you know it takes more than a house to make a woman happy. I don't suppose you ever heard—no, I don't suppose you have—but my husband—well, all I have to say is, if you know when you are well off, don't ever marry." With this woman I found the house perfect, but the husband a little wrong. I take her advice and go on my way.

The next house in which I am a guest is a small, six-room cottage. The woman seems perfectly happy,

for she has the "loveliest husband!" She thinks the Lord never created but just one man, and he is hers. All his virtues are enumerated; she tells how he is the "chief pillar and prop in every good enterprise," and proceeds to give me a little advice, which I do not take. "If there is another man in the world like my husband, I should say 'Get married to-morrow.'" But she, too, heaves a deep sigh, and fairly wails out "It's an awful thing, though, to be compelled to live in a small house. When I was a girl we had plenty of room, but here we cannot have even one guest. We wanted to entertain you, but really had no place to put you; it is almost like living in a hen-coop." Here the husband is almost perfect—just faults enough to class him as a human being—but the house! Oh, the house!

My observations have not been confined to these abodes. One day I am being entertained in a lovely home, where I am the guest of a most gifted woman. Seeing she has large means and special talents, I try to interest her in some department of Christian work, but she exclaims, "For goodness sake don't ask me to do anything outside of my house! Do you know I have ten children?" I told the good woman I was fully aware of this fact, and reminded her of the six servants. Her reply filled me with thanksgiving that I have never had six servants to manage. "Yes, but the servants are worse than the children; between them I have no peace of mind or rest of body! It takes me half my time to keep the coachman from fussing with the gardener, and the other half to settle

disputes between the cook and housemaids. Don't ask me to do anything outside of my house!"

I leave this poor soul, burdened with the care of ten children and the direction of six servants, and tarry in the house of a sad-faced woman who has neither "chick nor child" upon which to bestow her tender care. She goes into the yard, looks over the fence, and sees these ten romping, laughing, happy children. In despair she exclaims, "Well, husband, how do you account for it that the neighbors have all the blessings in life, and we have none?" In one house it is too many children, in the other it is no children, and neither of the women is satisfied.

The greatest curiosity in the form of a discontented woman remains yet to be described. She was of the "New Woman" order. Her family consisted of two beautiful children and "a most desirable husband." She was interested in my travels, the work and the world generally. After a short conversation with her, she clasped her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, what a career; how lovely it must be! Do you know I have always felt I should have had a mission in the world; this housekeeping is such a tame life!"

Just think of a woman with a husband and two children looking for a mission! If I had only the husband, I should think I had the biggest mission on earth. I would never look for a greater. A woman with home, husband and children looking for a mission in this world is far beyond my limited powers of comprehension.

I have tried to illustrate from my observations the discontented state of women who enjoy privileges and opportunities unknown to so large a portion of our sex. If every English-speaking woman could leave her country, and go through the lands where woman exists only as a slave, or, at most, as a "necessary evil," I am sure she would return contented with her lot. She would not pray for greater opportunities, but for "much wisdom" to make the best use of those she has.

We of America need not leave our own shores to contrast our happy condition with the position of our less favored sisters. It is only because of the broader range of vision that has come to us in these last years that woman in some parts of our own country has been released from the degradation of slavery, and elevated to the dignity of womanhood. In this enlightened day we are astonished that our higher civilization has not made itself felt in the release of the women of the far North—Alaska—from a slavery which means not only controlling the labor of their hands, but a right to sell or rent their bodies.

CHAPTER II.

THE WOMEN OF ALASKA.

IT IS only of recent date that Alaska has been open to travelers—that is, that there have been easy facilities for getting there. But the wonders of the country, when once they became known, created a demand for modern means of travel, and now the journey can be taken, as far north as Sitka, the capital, with quite a degree of comfort. The country belonged to Russia until 1867, when it was purchased by the United States, and with true Yankee enterprise was opened up by the Government. It has now become one of the famous resorts of the Northwest.

Some years ago I undertook a journey to this "Wonderland" of the North American continent in the interests of Christian work. It is not my intention to attempt the portrayal of the physical attractions of this marvelous region; the task has been performed by abler pens than mine. I shall only say that if anyone wants to see the master-stroke of creation, in the form of natural beauty, let him go to Alaska. In no other part of the world can be seen combined, as here, the beauty of the Alps, the glaciers of Norway, the cataracts and cascades of the Yosemite, and the towering grandeur of the Rockies.

And yet, alas, in no other part of the world can be found women more degraded than those who live amid these scenes of God's most wonderful handiwork. In some respects their condition is even worse than that of the women in many parts of Asia.

In the Yukon districts women have so awakened to a sense of their own degradation that many an Indian mother to save her daughter from her own wretched condition throws her away in infancy. These helpless innocents are taken to the woods, their mouths filled with grass, and left to die. The girl children who are allowed to live meet with a worse fate than that of being choked to death with grass. Often, while still infants, they are given away to their future husbands; or, if kept at home until they are ten or twelve years of age, they are sold for a few blankets or merchandise. About this age a girl is supposed to reach womanhood, and is regarded unfit to mingle with the family. She is confined in a dark room, sometimes for a year, but in some sections for only three months, and is seen by no one but her mother. On emerging from this long confinement her lower lip is pierced, and a bone or ivory ornament inserted, very much as Tamil women pierce their ears and draw the lobe down with heavy metals.

While still young the poor creature often undergoes the painful process of tattooing. As in all barbarous countries, this is considered a great adornment. The colors used in Alaska are red, blue and sometimes black; but the process differs from that of other countries. Instead of pricking it in with a needle, or

after the new device of the Japanese, by stamping, the colors are sewn in, usually on the chin, though I have seen it on the cheeks and breast. They also have a fashion of painting their faces with black paint; this gives them a most hideous look.

In the streets of Juneau—the largest town in the territory—I passed a number of women sitting in a row against the side of a house. Their faces were all painted black. I supposed this was their means of preserving the skin, but was told it was done to make them attractive and beautiful. They were also bedecked with cheap, showy jewelry, made of silver, bone or copper wire. If civilized women wish to be effectually cured of the barbarous custom of wearing jewelry, they should see heathen women bedecked and bespangled with all manner of tawdry decorations, which, after all, is only the same love for display that characterizes so large a number of women of whom we should expect better things. After seeing women with their ears, lips, nose and chin bored, their toes adorned with rings, and their ankles weighed down with small hoops of bells, they would soon rise above the barbarism of boring their ears and wearing jewelry, both of which are a relic of primeval savagery.

These women of Juneau had their ears pierced from the upper part of the outer rim down to the very bottom. There were as many as a half dozen ornaments in each ear. In addition to these a large silver hoop dangled over the mouth, suspended from the pierced nose. The lower lip did not escape, but came

in for a portion of adornment. Inserted into the pierced lip, with one end held between the teeth, was a piece of ivory, silver or bone, which they removed and offered for sale.

The inhuman cruelties imposed upon them in childhood, and the utter lack of regard on the part of the men for all that goes to make up pure womanhood, increases as they grow older, until the oppression becomes almost unbearable. The estimation in which they are held by men has been voiced by one of the chiefs, who said, "Women are made to labor; one of them can haul as much as two men can. They pitch our tents and mend our clothing."

On the Upper Yukon a man buys his wives just as a white man buys his cattle. If he has wood to cut or haul, or much heavy labor to perform, he increases the number of wives instead of purchasing beasts of burden. They are regarded from the stand-point of "a good investment," and only such care is bestowed upon them as will prevent a "depreciation of value," or keep them up to the best service, which, of course, means the heaviest labor.

In times of war, the men captured are usually killed, but the lives of the women are spared; they have a value in the labor market. They sometimes fall to the ownership of men who are most unmerciful in their treatment of them. A master's power over them is unlimited; it is often a dying command that several slaves shall be killed that he may have some one to wait on him in the next world.

The most inhuman treatment these women have to

bear is to be cast out of their houses at a time when they should have the tenderest care, and suffer alone the most awful agony known to woman. Frequently both the mother and child die from neglect.

The word "home" is unknown to these people. The nearest approach to it is "house"; hence, they know nothing about home life. To my mind the most deplorable condition that surrounds them is the lack of home life. On the home life depends the development of the people. This important fact is often lost sight of in our efforts in Christian work. I once took a poor, wretched drunkard by the hand, and asked her to sign the pledge. She said, "It is no use, if I must go back again to where I came from." I asked her where she lived, and her reply was, "Come and see." I went with her to the most wretched place I have ever entered that passed for a home. It was a dark, chilly night; we reached the room; she struck a match and lighted a candle that was made fast in the neck of an old bottle, and by its dim light I could see the awful surroundings, scarcely fit to stable a horse in. She sat down on an old wooden box, and the tears came to her eyes as she said, "Live here for five years, and you will be a drunkard, too." I realized the fact that the woman must have better surroundings before she could become better.

If we are ever to lead these people to a higher civilization, the work must begin in improving the home. Home life would soon elevate the women above a slavery so degrading that they themselves feel it.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, in his wonderful work among

these people, has solved the problem. Along the coast, just out of Sitka — the former Russian capital of the territory—is a native village. Here the people are properly housed, and the children attend the mission school, where they are surrounded by home influences, and see much of home life. The girls are instructed in domestic arts, and the boys apply themselves to various industries. Another village has been started in the direction of Indian river. This is to be a settlement for the young people who marry at the school, and it is the intention to keep them away from the village, and thus prevent a return to their former habits.

Around Juneau, in all directions, from five to twenty miles from the city, are numerous gold mines now in operation, said to contain deposits of great and almost untold value. I decided to visit a certain one of these mining towns before I was fully aware of the means of transit involved in the undertaking. The town was situated in the Great Basin, which I soon learned was accessible only by a mountain trail over which it was impossible for a horse to climb. As the only mule at hand was said to have been thirty-eight years old at the time of the purchase of the territory from Russia (the sale including this venerable quadruped), I decided that my reverence for antiquity was so great that rather than call the long-suffering animal into requisition I would make the pilgrimage on foot, which I did.

Our party made an early start ; as soon as the first

An Alaskan Home.

gray of dawn streaked the sky we were really on the way. The absence of hotels made it necessary to carry our provisions, even to a suspicious looking jug—containing cold tea. We were laden almost like camels. The trail led us over the mountains, through a dense forest, and beyond rushing streams and dashing waterfalls that seemed to sing an anthem of praise to the Most High as they hurried on to swell the rolling tide of the dark blue ocean. We sat down on a great rock to rest, but the grandeur of the surroundings soon caused us to forget our fatigue, and we continued to climb, lost to everything but a sense of the vastness and greatness of the scenery. We finally crossed the mountain and reached the valley, stopping at native huts by the way. These houses are made of bark, sticks, logs and such material as can be gathered and put together with but little labor. In some houses the floor is planked, and a bench about three feet high extends around three sides of the room; on this is placed the bedding during the day.

In front of the house stands a totem-pole—an immense timber covered with carvings of the faces of animals, which represent the tribe to which the family belongs. On one pole can be seen the face of a whale, a raven, a wolf and an eagle; the lowest figure indicates to what tribe the grandfather of the occupant of the house, on his mother's side, belongs. The whole forms a genealogical record of the family, the child taking the totem of the mother. Beside the division of these people into the tribes, they are subdivided into families, each of which has its badge, or

totem. Members of the same tribe may marry, but not members of the same badge; a whale may not marry into the whale family, but may marry into that of the raven.

The first house we entered was a mere pile of logs with a bark roof; a small opening in the side served as a door, but the structure was without windows or chimney. In the roof was a small opening through which the smoke passed out, and the earth served as a floor. The house was without apartments, and the large room answered all the purposes of kitchen, bedroom and sitting-room. In the middle of the room, under the opening in the roof, was a small fire, around which sat the family, and I should say, their cousins, uncles and aunts, for they live in a very promiscuous manner, often as many as twenty occupying one room. Among the rafters hung great numbers of fish; the curling smoke, as it made its way upward, helped prepare them for use in winter.

These people subsist chiefly on berries and fresh fish in summer, and on oil and dried fish in winter. They were all eating fish and drinking oil. The oil is made from a small kind of fish, caught in a seine, and pressed while alive; it is then placed in tin cans and kept for the winter. Of this oil they had a generous supply in a large yellow bowl. A good-sized ladle, carved from yellow cedar, served as a drinking-vessel. This was dipped into the oil, and passed from one to another, each drinking freely, as we would of tea or coffee. The next meal, without the least variation, calls the family together again; and

this gathering around the smoky fire, sitting on the cold ground, eating dried fish and drinking oil, constitutes "home life."

In these places adjacent to the mines women are degraded below the depths of their native surroundings by contact with the mining element. Men hasten to mining regions from all parts of the world. They are either single men, or leave their families behind them, which amounts to the same thing; away from home influence and the presence of women — which does so much to keep men from degenerating—they often sink into most immoral lives. These men, some of them representing the lowest type of our race, go to the parents of good-looking Indian girls, and offer to buy them; or, following a shocking custom that prevails among these people, they offer to rent them for a year or two. As a result of this state of affairs, when the men are ready to "move on" to new fields they leave the native women, often with young families, wholly unprovided for.

A young lady from the United States was a passenger in the same steamer which conveyed me to the North. She was a bright young creature, traveling alone. We sat together at the table, and during the long voyage of a month we had every opportunity of becoming somewhat acquainted. This led to her telling me the object of her trip to the territory. For a long time she had been engaged to a gentleman who was connected with mining operations in Alaska which took him there for a few months each season. He was expecting to return South in a short time, and

the young lady thought she would take the trip, see the country, surprise him, and enjoy the journey home with him. I went with her to the hotel where she expected to find him. Imagine her surprise when we were directed to a small house and told that he lived there with his family. For some years he had resided there during the season, and in a few weeks he was going South to marry this sweet young woman. Her counsel to him was, "Marry the native woman, and be man enough to take care of your children."

Words fail to express what the native women of almost every country suffer at the hands of white men who go to their shores in search of wealth, or to follow business pursuits. Wherever the white man has planted his foot, his tracks may be traced in the greater degradation of the native women.

A Woman of South Alaska.

CHAPTER III.

ALASKAN DRESS AND CUSTOMS.

IT IS impossible to say what the original dress of these people was when Vistus Behring discovered them, more than one hundred and fifty years ago; so far as I know, an account has never been given. It is but natural to suppose that in the far North their attire was the same then as it is now. The women and men dress alike at the present time, in fur throughout: fur trousers, extending below the knees; fur-lined boots, with long tops; a fur jacket, reaching down half way between the waist and knees; a fur-lined, pointed hood over their heads. Thus they are completely enveloped in fur.

In lower Alaska the manner of dress is very different. In those more accessible parts, where the "ready-made clothing" store has found its way, they have largely adopted our manner of dress—minus shoes, and with the addition of blankets. Some of the blankets are a curiosity. The Chilcat blanket and shirt, woven by the women, often bring a very large price from the money-laden tourists. These are a bright canary color, with the emblems of the country woven in black. The women are most ingenious in their devices for coloring and weaving, the latter being done entirely by hand. The fiber is made from native grasses, dried and twisted till it

resembles wool; this is then woven into shirts and blankets. So slow is the process that many months are required for the weaving of one garment. The dye in which the fiber is dipped is made from the roots of herbs which grow in that country.

Besides the weaving of blankets, the women make hats, mats and baskets. These are straw color, with the emblems of their tribes interwoven in different hues. Large numbers are sold during the tourist season. I have also seen the women at work making silver or bone ornaments, though I am told that most of the silver sold as specimens of Alaskan workmanship is really made in other parts and sent there for sale.

The women participate in all social functions, such as feasts, dances, etc. While in Juneau we learned that there was to be a dance and feast near by which was to last several days; so we decided to go and see what their idea of dancing was. The people of each country have such different ideas of what constitutes "the dance" that in going from land to land one hardly knows what to expect when it is announced that a dance is going on; so I started for this with little idea of what it would be like.

The occasion of this "merry-making" was the appointment and recognition of a new chief. The old chief had just died, and the young one, who was to "reign in his stead," must allow the people to do him honor in feast, song and dance. The natives had come from many miles around; some had traveled days and days to get there. We were in full

sympathy with those who had suffered much fatigue in their journey, for we went through dangers and difficulties not a few to reach the scene of festivities.

The spot selected was a bluff, about two miles out of the city, upon which had been erected a wooden house, where the multitudes were to assemble. Toward this we started one night after dark. The path lay along the beach for about a mile ; this led to a very high cliff, the top of which must be reached if we would "go to the dance." It seemed a very difficult task, but by climbing up three steps and slipping back two—floundering about in a most ungraceful fashion—we finally reached the top, and crawled, snake-like, around the ledge, where we sat for a time trying to catch our breath, and congratulating ourselves that we were still alive. It is said, "Those who go to the dance must pay the fiddler," and we had to give our contribution in the form of "climbing to get there."

Foot-sore, breathless, and with blistered hands—to say nothing of rent garments—we reached the dance-hall. The missionary who acted as escort to the party entered first. The master of ceremonies came forward to meet and welcome us. The only available seats were on the floor ; here we arranged ourselves in line against the side of the house where the women were sitting, and soon the uproar began. The most noticeable feature of the gathering was the costume of the women, the chief garment being their Chilcat, or highly-colored blanket. The plain, solid-colored blankets were covered with thousands of white agate

buttons. These were sewed to overlap each other, fish-scale fashion, in the most hideous forms, representing the tribe from which they had descended; or, as we should say, showing "their pedigree"—proclaiming to their small world their "blue blood." Many had their faces painted black, each had rings either in ears or nose, and the crowning ornament—the labret—in the pierced lower lip.

The men wore many kinds of fur. The new chief was arrayed in long bands of white fur, hanging like fringe all around his head, extending down to his chin, and dangling over his face. Less noted ones wore common fur, arranged in similar fashion.

Unlike the custom of most countries the men do all the dancing, and the women look on. The signal was given, and about twenty men stepped to the middle of the floor and formed a circle; the women sat or piled themselves together around the sides of the room. The "band" was a rattle and a drum; the latter was hammered without regard to time or tune. Not a foot moved. The dancing consisted in swaying the body, and bending it into every conceivable shape, to the time—if it could be called time—of the music. This lasted until the dancers were ready to drop from exhaustion, when refreshments of oil and fish were passed.

While we looked on in great astonishment some one struck up a tune; another took it up, then another, until the whole scene became a bedlam of confusion. The women remained seated; their only part in the dance is to keep time to the music by

clapping their hands, and singing a low, sad chant that falls upon the ear like a distant wail of distress. This continues for some days. On the last day they usually "fill up the bowl," and keep on filling up until they fairly reel home to await the death of the chief—looking forward with joy and gladness to a similar occasion.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

CHAPTER I.

A LAND OF MANY CHARMS.

SOME time ago I stood on the deck of an outgoing steamer, bent on a visit to the Sandwich islands. We waved adieu to our friends on shore and sailed down San Francisco's beautiful bay, nine miles long by fifty miles wide, set with emerald isles, bordered with towns and villages, landlocked by mountains, and dotted with shipping from all parts of the world. A magnificent entrance, one mile wide—Golden Gate—connects this bay with the Pacific Ocean. Through this world-famous gateway floats a commerce second only to that of New York. Sometimes the fog marches in, silent and resistless as an army of ghosts; then again the glory of the setting sun pours through it, lighting up the bay and landscape with a golden radiance. As it was being thus lighted we passed out, with Lime Point on one side, clearly outlined by the pale blue sky, and on the other, high, rugged hills, covered to the summit with green in all shades.

We passed the great rocks over which creep and crawl the ugly, lazy sea-lions, where, protected by the gov-

ernment, they bark and roar, much to the interest of those who have never seen the "seal-rocks" before. We crossed the bar, reached the open sea, and before the shades of night fell were face to face with the greatest ocean—a wild, weary, trackless waste of water, stretching five thousand miles away.

As the shadows of departing day lengthened, all nature seemed imbued with joy; the very heavens were tinged with the brightness of another world, and we imagined we could almost see angelic hands as they softly shifted the fleecy drapery of the skies. The sun was lost beyond the horizon; the pale moon rose to throw its enchantment over land and sea; one great star after another opened its bright eye upon us, and we were loath to retire to our cabins.

Morning dawned, but the scene was changed. I rose to make a hasty toilet, but felt compelled to desist, to retreat—in fact, to retire. The stewardess tried to comfort me by saying, "It's only a 'swell'; it will soon be over." The whole day passed, and "the swell," in fiendish glee, still pursued us. As I languished in my berth, through the open window came a voice singing, "Oh, for a life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep." I could endure the seasickness, but the very thought of those words filled my whole being with an intense desire to imbrue my hands in the gore of the man who wrote them to delude an unsuspecting public. If it were only the deep that rolled, no one would care; but the steamer rolled—everything rolled—I rolled.

As I importuned the stewardess to use her influence

with the captain that the numerous rollings might cease, she mildly replied, "This is nothing ; one time I rolled out of my berth to the floor, under the opposite berth, out into the passage, and should have been rolling still, had I not encountered some deck-hands, who, in the innocence of their profession, mistook me for freight, gathered up my fragments, and deposited me in a place of safety." I spake not another word, for that woman was a better roller than I. I simply resolved that at the end of the journey I should quietly count my bones to see if I were "all there."

I reached my destination in a somewhat weather-beaten condition, but in the first glimpses of dry land soon forgot the discomfort of the sea. It was a charming sight—early in the morning, the air balmy, the bay a beautiful blue, and the sun just peeping above the water's edge, shedding its rays over land and sea. I felt that we had reached a new world.

The first sight of land is Koko Head, a point rising abruptly from the sea, extending into a range of hills, irregular and broken, and covered with many shades of green, making a most beautiful view from the steamer.

The pilot came aboard, and very soon I was landed in one of the most lovely spots that fortune has ever favored me with seeing. Of the eleven islands which compose the Hawaiian group, eight only are inhabited. These include an area of six thousand square miles, and have a climate so charming that hundreds hasten hither as a refuge from storms and blasts.

In Hawaii there are numerous snow-capped mount-

ains, and volcanoes not a few. Mauna Loa is fourteen thousand feet high, and, some years ago, for twenty days and nights sustained a fountain of fiery lava seven hundred feet high and from one to three hundred feet in diameter. It was visible over thirty leagues away, and by its light fine print was easily read at a distance of forty miles.

On the side of Mauna Loa is Kilauea, the largest constantly active volcano in the world. This is where the ancients worshiped the Goddess Pele; and from that crater, at various times, rivers of lava a mile wide have burned their way through forests and over villages for thirty miles, and for weeks have poured their flow of fire into the ocean, killing the fish, changing the coast-line, and heating the water for twenty miles along the shore. These mountains lend beauty to the island, and have a wild kind of fascination for all attracted to the spot; but the physical charm of the little republic does not rest in its volcanoes alone. There is a special beauty in the valleys — that quiet beauty of flitting sunlight and shadow, playing over the smooth surface of softly flowing streams, that lures one from a world of care to a calm enjoyment of all that has been created to turn the thoughts of humanity from the more sordid things of life.

The most striking feature of the scenery is the great variety of palms on every hand. The cocoanut palm is said by Mark Twain to be "the exclamation point" of tropical scenery. The tree grows very high—sometimes to the height of seventy-five feet—

Avenue of Royal Palms, Honolulu.

towering up without a branch or leaf until within a few feet of the top, where among the long, graceful leaves can be seen clusters of fruit. This is gathered, at great risk of life, by the native boys, who put the soles of their feet flat against the tree, and, hand over foot, reach the top, a feat to which the whites are wholly unequal. The beauty of the groves is greatly marred by the leaning of the trees, caused by strong sea-winds which blow against them until they incline in every direction and at every angle.

Hawaii is also the home of the banana. Great groves are cultivated by the Chinese. A tree never comes to fructescence but once; as "the aloe blossoms and dies," so this tree "fruits" and dies, is cut down, and a new tree must take its place, growing from the same roots, before other fruit appears.

One of the chief industries of the island is the growing of sugar-cane. As we drove through the valley great fields of tall, standing cane waved in the breeze, and hundreds of natives were busily engaged in the cultivation of the product that has brought millions to at least one man.

In the lowlands we saw a plant of rare beauty and learned that this was the vegetable upon which the natives chiefly subsist. It has beautiful foliage, with broad, shining leaves very like a calla leaf, and is often grown in our hothouses under the botanical name of *Caladium esculentum*. The root only is used, and is prepared after the manner of mashed potatoes, milk being added until it is reduced to the consistency of cake dough. The natives dip two

fingers into the compound, and thus convey it to their mouths, never using a spoon. When we visited the jail it was the time at which the prisoners took their evening meal, which was served in wash-tubs under the great trees in the yard. My attention was directed to a group of natives seated on the ground around one of these tubs of "poe," all dipping their fingers in the same tub. It was very amusing to watch the skill with which the food was taken to the mouth, without any dripping or stringing about as one would suppose. This vegetable is said to contain more nourishing properties than those of any other known plant, and judging from the hearty, robust appearance of the islanders, I should say it might be so.

We found nothing of greater interest during the visit to the islands than the study of the natives. The present generation seems to be a mixture of all races. Intermarrying exists here to a greater extent than in almost any other place of which I know. The negroes, Portuguese, Japanese, and Chinese marry white women if they can; if not, they take half-castes, and I doubt very much if any of the present generation have a clear idea of the race to which they belong.

We passed Emma Hall, and as it was brilliantly lighted we looked in to see what was going on. In one room downstairs we found a Portuguese night school, taught by a half-white teacher. In a room farther in the rear was a Japanese singing-school, presided over by a white teacher, an American. In

the hall above the natives were assembled in force, and an Englishman was trying to lead them into those paths of sobriety from which they have departed since they were discovered. I doubt if one roof ever sheltered a more cosmopolitan gathering.

The natives are better housed, clothed and fed than those of any other part of the world, and are quite as comfortable as many of the middle class of America. It is not an uncommon sight to see native families driving out in their own carriages. Many of the women are good-looking, tall and graceful of figure, and are nearly always well dressed. When the missionaries went to the islands in 1820 they found the women going about in an almost nude state, and introduced what has "evoluted" into the "Mother-Hubbard" dress. To this the natives have ever clung, and it forms a most suitable costume for that clime. They have also made great progress since their language has been reduced to a written tongue. Idolatry is now unknown among them; their idols are broken, and their superstitions have given way to enlightenment.

The city of Honolulu has a very large foreign population, and, unlike most cities of its kind, the natives' houses are found in all directions; they have no native settlement or native quarters. They build pretty houses, own well-kept gardens, live comfortably, and are industrious.

CHAPTER II.

THE LAST KING OF THE ISLANDS.

MY VISIT to the islands was in the days of King Kalakaua, who paid me the honor of granting a private audience. I was received in the royal palace, a large stone structure opposite the state-house, situated in the middle of an inclosure containing about eight acres of ground forming a spacious park. This park was inclosed by a fence eight feet high, and each of the large gates was guarded by royal soldiers. It was quite impossible to gain admission to the grounds without an order to the guards. A short distance from the palace, in the same inclosure, was the queen's house, said to be the living-house of their majesties, the palace being used chiefly on state occasions.

Through the courtesy of the chamberlain I was shown over the palace. A long flight of marble stairs led to the great front door, where the chamberlain met me. We stopped in the large hall to see the chief paintings of the palace. They hung on each side of the hall, and were principally those of the dusky-skinned rulers of the past. To the left, through a great archway, we reached the red, or throne room. It was very large, and was furnished in garnet. The chairs were plain, but beautiful—garnet plush with gilt frames. To the far end of the

King's Palace, Honolulu.

room, on a small platform under a canopy of magnificent tapestry drapery, stood the throne, plain and simple, made after the fashion of the chairs.

To the right of the hall we entered the blue, or reception room, provided with blue brocade furniture mounted in ebony. On the wall hung the pictures of the king and queen, and aside from this the furnishings were few and plain. Just before us great folding doors opened into the state dining-hall. A magnificent sideboard, laden with silver, two long rows of chairs, a long table, and mixed carpet, completed the furniture. On the upper floor were the guest-chambers, and those occupied on occasion by the king and queen. A severe cold prevented the queen from being present, but his majesty, the king, received me in the blue room.

This was my first experience in the presence of real live royalty—a natural-born king—a fellow-creature great because he could not help it—born great. Poor man, how sorry I was for him to be thus burdened! Yet I must nerve myself to gaze upon a sight my eyes had never beheld. How I felt! My democratic, Fourth-of-July principles bore down heavily upon me as I thought of the bowing, scraping and "backing out" from his natural-born mightiness.

As I sat in the blue room trying to arm myself with a determination to rise to the occasion, the shadow of greatness fell upon the floor, and I was in the presence of this born king. As the chamberlain presented me the king advanced in a most friendly way, shook hands, and seated himself near by, ready

to hear any petition I might make. Unlike the queen, he spoke correct English, and his words were well chosen. In appearance he was a perfect type of physical manhood. He was very dark, with black, curly hair, a feature that at once betrayed the negro blood. His father and grandfather were both negroes, but his mother was a South Sea Island woman of high rank; so he took his royalty from his mother's side. He was, I should say, six feet high, weighed about two hundred pounds, and was both polished and graceful in manners. He was dressed in a suit of white pressed flannel, black tie, and canvas shoes. His display of jewelry was almost alarming; his hands were covered with jewels of all kinds, each finger weighted down to the joint, and his spread of watch-chain was quite overpowering.

While in Siam, I heard a story of Kalakaua that amused me very much. When he made up his mind to journey around the world, he decided to visit the remote and unbeaten regions of Siam. It was announced in the newspapers of that country that this king would appear amid them in the course of his wanderings. The Siamese ruler thought it only fitting that his majesty should be received in a most appropriate fashion, and although well educated in the English language and quite familiar with the "lay of the land" of this planet, he could not recall the Sandwich Islands; neither could he remember having heard the musical name of Kalakaua. An imperial personage, the king's brother, was summoned before the sovereign, and instructed to make

KALAKAUA. LAST KING OF HAWAII.
QUEEN EMMA. HIS WIFE.
QUEEN LI
LAST SOV
OF THE
HAWAIIAN.
SAMOAN GIRL.

known to him this ruler that was to invade their shores. The prince made all possible speed to gather together his books and begin researches that would lead to information concerning the expected guest. The first book that fell into the hands of the prince chanced to be an early account of Captain Cook's visit to the islands, wherein he read, "The inhabitants are cannibals, or a man-eating tribe." This information imparted to the king, he decided that the hospitality of the palace should be withheld; for he instantly conceived the awful result of a "man-eater" being turned at large among the forty wives, sixty children, and fifteen hundred women in his harem. It is said Kalakaua had to content himself with the accommodations of the hotel.

The king was very unpopular among the whites, and had his days been lengthened, he doubtless would have met the fate of the one who tried to succeed him. The natives, also, were becoming well educated, the spirit of progress had taken possession of them, and they were beginning to feel that the old form of government did not meet the demands of the day, and the rulers were behind in the recognition of the rights of the people.

All around Honolulu are tombs, statues, halls, etc., to perpetuate the memory of past rulers in the minds of the youth. In front of the old native church is the beautiful tomb of King Lunalilo. It is a good-sized structure of modern design, surrounded by a high, iron fence, the gate of which is always locked, so that a near approach to the tomb is impossible. In front

of the state-house stands the statue of the first king, Kamehameha ("the ugly one"), who subdued the islands, and set up a kingdom by right of conquest. The statue stands on a pedestal some five feet high, and represents the king as conqueror, with a spear in one hand and the other outstretched and beckoning to all to come and behold his victory. He is represented as very dark-skinned, with no garments save a great mantle, gilt color, that falls in graceful folds about his dusky figure.

The mantle of marble gives some idea of the one he wore during his lifetime. The original mantle was made of yellow feathers taken from the breast of a black bird which was known to the islands in early days, but which has long since become extinct. The king ordered that the birds, which had just one yellow feather in their breasts, should be trapped, the feather pulled out, and the birds set at liberty. From these a mantle was made said to be worth one million dollars. It was intended to be handed down to the succeeding sovereigns so long as a fragment of it remained, or the islands were under monarchical rule. The predecessor of Kalakaua became possessed of the idea that as he entered the unknown he would look well sweeping through the portals in this kingly robe, so he ordered that it should form his shroud, and this garment of vast wealth was consigned, with the king's remains, to the darkness of the tomb.

CHAPTER III.

THE LEPER COLONY.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

AN AWFUL and dreaded spot among these islands is Molokai, or leper settlement. The location set aside for the lepers is about three miles long and nearly a mile wide—a perfect place of seclusion. If the poor lepers thought of escaping few of them could do so, for a very high cliff separates them from the other part of the island, so high that clouds most of the time cover its top. To this internment the unhappy victims are doomed for life.

There is no class of people so calculated to draw upon our sympathy as are lepers. The family ties are broken. A father, son, daughter or mother, when declared a leper, is ordered off to Molokai, and no matter what their station may have been, there they must mingle with every and all specimens of humanity, for among the diseased are Japanese, Chinese, half-castes, Hawaiians, and, in fact, members of all the tribes found in the islands. Father Damien, moved by love for the suffering, went to the island to devote his life to the unfortunates living there; indeed, he was banished as were they themselves. Thus he strove for eight years, free from the disease, to administer the comforts of his faith to those

who must ever and always, as they look upon their bodies, be reminded that life has few charms for them. Constant contact with the disease brought the good father to see his danger, but too late—he found himself a leper. The signs were faint, but sure. As time passed the disease spread, until his eyes, neck, ears and hands were so bad that it was with difficulty he could perform his usual duties. Father Conrady was sent to the help of this devoted servant of humanity, and doubtless shared the same fate.

At the time of my visit there were some very bad cases on the island, and many were dying daily. From among the fifteen hundred then there, the close of each day found at least one under the sod. Some were without lips and nose ; to some but a portion of their feet remained ; and in others, the disease manifested itself in ways still more repulsive. It was very sad to see small boys, some under ten years of age, with crippled and mangled hands trying to wash and mend their clothes. At the sight of so many deaths these little fellows would say, "If we stay here we shall surely die ; if we could go home we might get well." Little did they dream that they had been sent to Molokai to die.

One would almost expect in the present state of advanced medical science that this disease could be conquered ; but thus far it has baffled all skill. When in the leper settlement off the coast of Africa I met a physician who thought he could arrest the disease if the government would allow him to try. His idea was to inoculate the patient with smallpox virus.

When the news of the many children on the island had spread abroad, and an appeal had been made in their behalf for someone to go there to care for them, Miss Flavin, moved by love that characterizes the women of the world, proceeded to Molokai to devote her life to the young of the leper settlement. On reaching the island, however, it was discovered that she belonged to some different order, and she was thus prevented from carrying out her long-cherished plan of bringing blessing to the lives of the uncared-for of that desolate spot.

South and west of this group of islands the South Seas are dotted with similar groups, varying only a few degrees in climate and tropical scenery. It was my intention to visit these groups on a missionary steamer, and spend a whole season cruising about the Pacific ; but news came to us of swells, squalls and a general disturbed condition of the sea. I had had "swell" enough in getting to Honolulu, so I resolved to continue my journey to New Zealand and later on return to the islands.

On this return trip (to make somewhat of a long digression) we were all delighted to welcome as passengers Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, the late novelist, and part of his family—his wife and her daughter. The passengers were few, and in the journey of two weeks I saw much of this interesting trio. Mr. Stevenson had been to New Zealand for a breath of cool air in the hope of a general return of strength. From his looks I was of the opinion that his visit had been in vain ; and yet he had no thought of anything

less than entertaining the world for years with his pen, from which flowed so much that told us of the wonderful genius of the man. Like his books, he bore the stamp of genius, and had I not known who he was I should have said, "There is a man who can say, 'I am part of all I have seen.'"

As I looked at and studied him from time to time during the voyage, I felt sad indeed to see the physical wreck that was overtaking him. There is something about the silent fading away of a genius that makes us feel that others less useful should be the ones to be borne down the stream. To see this gifted man's hollow cheek, sunken eye, and stooped form, was to see the scythe near his feet, and to know that time for him was fading into eternity; Robert Louis Stevenson stood in the shadow of the beyond.

Mrs. Stevenson was also a most striking character, both in appearance and personality—probably some years her husband's senior. From living in the tropics, which means living largely out of doors, she was tanned, and her skin resembled the color of the Spanish woman. This, with her white teeth, black eyes and raven-black hair, gave her a decidedly foreign look, though she is an American by birth. Because of the heat, she and her daughter had adopted the dress — commonly called a "Mother Hubbard" — worn by all the Christian natives of the South Seas. This careless and almost untidy fashion of dress detracted from the dignity of the wife of a genius. But a genius—man or woman—has never lived who did not appropriate unto himself or herself the right of de-

Samoans Preparing Food.

parting from the usual line, either in poor writing or spelling, long or short hair, or some eccentricity of dress, all to help nature out in bearing the stamp of the unusual. These departures, in some form, were plainly to be seen in the three members of this interesting family.

The steamer stopped at Samoa, and I was invited to the Stevenson home, some distance from the coast. Mr. Stevenson had chosen his home there not so much because he favored the spot above all others, but because the gentle breeze from the salt sea—breathed amid the perfume of flowers, under the trees, among all that appealed to his finely strung nature, subdued and softened by the tropical clime—seemed to lend strength to his almost spent forces, and to lengthen the thread apparently so near its end. How fitting, then, that among these people to whom he had endeared himself, and in whose welfare he had so deep an interest—how fitting that he should there have laid down his pen, pushed aside the unfinished manuscript, and asked to be buried on those hills from whose heights he had often listened to the song of the sea beating upon the rock-bound shore, or rolling with soft and gentle murmur upon the sands—that song now changed, alas, into a solemn requiem to the departed Robert Louis Stevenson!

NEW ZEALAND AND TASMANIA.

CHAPTER I.

FROM AUCKLAND TO WELLINGTON.

AMONG the English dependencies the colonies of Australasia are the least known, or, if known at all, are usually associated with the conditions of primitive days, all marks of which have disappeared save a few great buildings that stand unworthy monuments to a system of most inhuman treatment. When the last of these buildings has been leveled to the ground little will remain to tell the tale of early cruelties, and Australasia will be known to the world as it really is—the workingman's paradise; a land of sunshine, fruit and flowers, of limitless resources and possibilities, and destined to become one of the greatest republics on the globe. The remote situation of the islands forming Australasia, the infrequent communication with them, and the great length of time required for the journey (five weeks from England, four from Africa, and four from America), give one the idea that it is a somewhat unimportant country; hence extensive travel through the colonies is a continual surprise.

My first visit was from the direction of the South Seas; this brought me to Auckland after a long voy-

age of which the starting point was San Francisco. The steamers employed in this service are principally freight boats, and the accommodation is anything but first-class. One hundred and fifty names made up the passenger list ; commercial travelers, tourists and preachers were among the number. Every possible device was resorted to in our attempt to pass the hours. As we neared the equator, and the heat became almost unbearable, someone proposed a dance! The stewards brought out a fiddle and a banjo ; the passengers formed into line for the Virginia reel, and "joy was unconfined." The preachers looked on and applauded, and one Catholic priest joined in the dance. The monotony of the voyage was broken with preaching on Sundays, and singing, music and dancing on week nights. All went well, and we were having a gay, happy time when we reached the one hundred and eightieth meridian, where a whole day was dropped. Retiring Friday night after the dance we awoke on Sunday morning. This brought two Sabbaths within the six days, which so enraged the commercial travelers, who had a violent dislike for that particular day, that they betook themselves to the smoking-room to play cards.

Among our number were a bride and groom on their wedding trip around the world. The bride was a very young, sweet creature, who had never been abroad before, and the groom was a bright Englishman, but a wretched sailor. Poor soul! it was something pitiful to see him. I have never known anyone so affected by the sea. Again and again he declared

Squatter's Home, New Zealand.

that if he had committed all the sins in the calendar, and broken the entire decalogue, his punishment had far outrun his offense. Finally, when it became unbearable and he could no longer retain a morsel of food after having tried every known remedy, he resolved to abandon the trip and return home. As we neared Auckland he made his intentions known to his bride, who soon rose to a state of revolt, and declared she would go on alone. Auckland was reached, and each prepared to carry out a separate plan, he to return to England by way of America, and she to make her lonely pilgrimage through the distant Red Sea. True to their resolves they each finished their wedding trip alone, and arrived in England in safety.

The approach to Auckland is most beautiful, and reaching it as we did, just when the morning light had bathed the landscape in a sea of glory, we saw it at especial advantage. The long projection known as North Cape extends into the sea at the left, and to the right can be seen a perfectly round island called Rangitoto, which means "the bloody sky." It is supposed that the natives have at some time seen the island in a state of eruption, hence the name. The whole country is of volcanic formation.

Auckland is situated amid a cluster of hills on a small strip of land almost surrounded by water. On the east, an arm of the sea extends inland, almost meeting another arm extending inland from the other side; only a quarter of a mile of land preserves this projection from being an island. The city is quaint

and decidedly English in its life and appearance. One feature that greatly impressed me was the remarkable degree to which the Sabbath is observed. The streets are wholly free from traffic of any kind, and it is only with difficulty that a cab can be hired. Persons accustomed to driving during the week give their horses a well-deserved rest on the Sabbath, and take time to quietly walk to church. Indeed, the absence of rush and hurry forms one of the most refreshing features of residence in this far-away town. Another thing I remarked was that the common bartender of other lands had here been supplanted by young women who wholly monopolized the position—a sight somewhat shocking to those unaccustomed to it.

About the streets of Auckland I noticed many swarthy-skinned natives, and was anxious to learn something of their customs and habits. In appearance they are much like some of the tribes of North American Indians — tall, well built, with straight black hair, flat noses, low foreheads, large teeth, and dark eyes. They speak a language not unlike that of the Hawaiians, and are very intelligent, more so I should say than are any of the natives of the South Seas. When the missionaries first went to New Zealand they found the natives (Maoris) in a semi-barbarous state, given to the worship of idols, and possessed of the superstitions common to primitive races. Some of these superstitions they retain to the present day. The Maoris have been given a section of land known as the "King's country," where they are comfortably

Shearing-shed, New Zealand.

quartered. They are gradually decreasing in numbers, a fact attributed to the introduction of strong drink, which has a fatal effect upon them. One of the tribe, a dangerous character, has given the authorities very much trouble. Some years ago, during the outbreak between the natives and the whites, he murdered in cold blood forty of the opposing forces, and although he is a very old man he has caused much alarm because of his lawless spirit. I visited him in the Auckland jail, and found a desperate individual who became almost violent in insisting on his release; this was finally granted by the authorities on condition that he go at once to the King's country. They still have a chief of the tribe who calls himself king, but he is peace-loving and law-abiding.

Like many natives, these of New Zealand excel in wood carving. It is remarkable that at an early day this almost savage race should have displayed so much skill in this art. In many of the museums of the colonies can be seen valuable specimens of the work of present generations.

One of the principal industries carried on by these natives is the digging for Kawri gum, which is found in great quantities imbedded in the earth. It is the gum of the tree which covered the land ages ago. The supposition is that in some volcanic eruption these vast forests were buried in the earth, and the decayed trees left large deposits. The substance is very hard and flinty, and is largely used in the manufacture of jewelry. When highly polished it resembles amber, and, mounted in elaborate silver settings

makes very handsome ornaments. A green stone, greatly prized by the natives, and often worn by the whites, is also found; this, too, is polished, and made into charms and jewelry of various kinds.

Leaving the north island, less is seen of the natives, their reservation being wholly in the upper part of New Zealand. I journeyed southward from Auckland in a small boat. This mode of travel always has its penalties attached. It is true the scenery was beautiful — towering mountains, softly murmuring streams, clear bright sky, indescribable sunsets, and views varied by the coloring of blooming fruit trees standing out among highly cultivated lowlands. Under some circumstances I should have gone into raptures over the beauty of nature, but on this little tossing craft, the very movement of which seemed to hypnotize me and place me completely under its spell, I confess the landscape, from my point of view, had very little charm. My only thought was to escape to some place where I could breathe the pure air of heaven free from the combined smell of coffee, boiling soup, curry and all mixtures that can be concocted only on board a steamer. With a sigh of relief I stepped ashore at Napiar, and journeyed overland to the capital, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles.

Part of the journey was covered by rail, and the remainder by coach, consuming a whole day in crossing the island. About one o'clock in the afternoon our train pulled slowly into the station, where we refreshed the "inner man" and then transferred our-

selves and baggage to the coach in waiting. This was a time-honored affair—in America we should say a "forty-niner"—much the worse for wear. Four decrepit specimens of horse-flesh were harnessed to this ark on wheels, and soon began to hobble over a fluted road, every other hobble being an up or down. Our heads were in constant danger of violent contact with the "roof" of the vehicle. This ancient conveyance carried a very cosmopolitan company. Directly opposite me sat a well-dressed, tall and stately native, or, rather, half-caste; on one side was a horse-jockey; on the left, an Englishman; and between these two last, an American. As the ancient chariot rolled and rocked over the rough roads, the rattle and clatter of loose windows made it impossible to hear a word spoken. The Englishman roared something in my left ear, but the rattle completely drowned his voice. I nodded my head in assent to his unheard remarks, and our conversation came to an end. I have a suspicion that I said "yes" at the wrong time.

In leaving Napiar I had foolishly consented to add a live dog to my luggage, and see the animal safely deposited on the other side of the island. Special provision is made for the transportation of dogs and the like. A small compartment in the luggage car affords limited quarters for such "live stock" as may form part of one's baggage. With oft-repeated protests in the form of prolonged wails and howls, the dog was jerked into this kennel, and when I left the train to continue my journey by coach the poor beast

was forgotten. Traveling, as I always have, unattended and unattached, it was little wonder that I completely forgot the live part of my baggage. We had driven some distance, with such speed as the disabled horses were able to make, when suddenly the driver stopped and everyone looked out to see what had happened. Down the road came two lads shouting and crying at the top of their voices, "Driver! driver! the lady forgot her dog." For a few seconds the driver seemed to speak in a foreign language—Hebrew, I suppose—and muttering something about women and their cats and dogs he drove back to the station to recover my forgotten baggage. All available space inside the coach was taken and the only place left was the top; so the poor creature was dragged to the "upper deck," and the coach moved on.

The driving was hard, for the road was unkept, but the surroundings compensated in great measure for the discomfort. Giant mountains rose on one side; and one hundred feet below the road could be seen the river, winding in and out among the rocks, its banks fringed with ferns, flowers and creepers that grew in wild profusion. The striking feature of the scenery was a native "tree" of the fern family. This tree is of relatively gigantic proportions, varying in height from six to ten feet, with long drooping branches that cluster at the top and shoot out to the length of six feet. Bird and beast may rest beneath the cooling shade of the broad and graceful leaves. In early days the natives used the trunk of these trees

Taking Wool to Station, New Zealand.

for building purposes, and some of the buildings thus constructed still stand.

Every turn in the road brought us upon some new scene which led us to forget the shaking of the coach. When the rough part of the journey was over, we were again slowly sweeping the land in an "express" train, which was far from being "up to date," either in matter of speed or equipment. The guard and clerk (conductor and brakeman) were usually lost in the depths of some late novel, or the morning newspaper; consequently passengers were not informed of stops. This necessitated constant watchfulness on the part of the weary traveler lest he should be carried too far and be obliged to walk back. At regular intervals an obliging youth made his appearance to inform us that "meals could be had in the adjoining car." More from curiosity than from the necessity of appeasing a ravenous appetite, I made my way to the dining-car, which was a most primitive affair. The odor of steak and onions and stale boiling coffee bore down upon me as I entered. In the corner, fenced off by an iron grating, stood the cooking apparatus. From the grating, extending lengthwise through the car, was a counter behind which stood a boy ready to dispense "hot steak and onions, chops and tea or coffee." I gave my order and stood—to aid digestion meals were taken standing—while it was being prepared. Having squandered part of my substance on this luxuriant living I returned to the coach, and kept an lookout to avoid being carried past my destination.

Wellington, the capital, is situated on a bay shel-

tered by surrounding hills, and forms one of the most beautiful harbors of the New Zealand coast. The chief drawback is a strong wind that sweeps the bay at least nine months of the year.

The city is not especially attractive. The principal object of interest is a fine specimen of native carving—a Naon house, a valuable relic of ancient work purchased by the government for the small sum of five hundred dollars. The house was built many years ago as a monument to Camata Waaka Tuarrgere, elder brother of the chief of the natives. It was erected on the Island of Mana, in Poverty Bay, and is of carved totra, a costly native wood. The work was done by some of the most celebrated wood-workers of that day. The building is forty-three feet long, twelve feet wide, and contains thirty-four figures intended to represent the most noted ancestors for many generations past. The work surpasses anything of the kind executed by the present generation, and it was a happy thought on the part of the government to secure and preserve this example of ancient native handiwork. The figures are all about the same size in height, and to the casual observer seem much alike; but when a native enters the room he at once recognizes the figures representing the stock from which his family has descended. The panels are carved on one side only, and are placed, with the most striking effect, at regular intervals of about four feet along the sides of the room. In the same house is a large collection of native gods, the worship of which has long since been abandoned.

CHAPTER II.

THE "MODEL PRISON" AT PORT ARTHUR.

THE supreme disadvantage of travel in New Zealand is the necessity for so much of it being done in small steamers. No sooner has the weary pilgrim recovered from the prostrating effects of one voyage than another must be entered on. With a bravery borne of soul-harrowing experiences, and with a resolution worthy of any enterprise, I boarded the steamer for the southern port; and at last, after a repetition of familiar tribulations, we came to anchor in the harbor of Lyttleton, on the east coast of the South Island. The city is built in the crater of an extinct volcano, which surrounds it with high hills known as "The Seven Sleepers." On the summit of each hill, clear-cut against the blue sky, can be traced an outline resembling a person in a recumbent attitude. One of these outlines is so well defined that it bears a striking semblance of the Duke of Wellington, and has been so named. In this neighborhood lies the quiet, sleepy Port of Christ Church, which is passed on the way to Dunedin, the most interesting journey by rail on either island.

As we left the mountains, there was unfolded to our gaze a great fertile valley, extending into the far distance, and beyond it a range of lofty mountains, rugged and seamed by time and the ceaseless action

of the elements. This sheltering range protects the smiling valley at its foot from the hot and withering winds of summer, and the blighting chill of winter. The scene throughout the day was a continuance of valley-land which bore every aspect of a prosperous, happy farm life, so softened by the touch of nature that it brought all things to a complete harmonious whole. When night overtook us travel came to an end, for in this country man and engine alike must rest, which is not a bad plan for those who make traveling a business. At this point, two hundred miles still separated me from the spot where the grand old Pacific rolled in its never-fading majesty and its never-failing attempt to impress the traveler with its power.

A whole week of sea was before me. How my very soul sickened at the thought! How I rejoiced in the words, "There shall be no more sea." How I wanted to stand on the beach and declaim to the waves! I longed to use *large English* at them, and remind them that the time would come when the last drop of water would be drained from the fathomless depths, and even the echo of their song would have died into unending silence! Just as I was arranging in my mind a little good, strong English, a sudden gale sprung up and almost blew us into the bay, and we sought shelter in the steamer. As if responding to my mental declamation, the storm broke upon us in awful fury. The dark, angry clouds hung heavy on the hills, and as they were reflected in the water below one could almost imagine the sky lay stretched

View on the Durwent, Tasmania.

upon the earth. The soothing (?) motion of the steamer began before we had cast off from our moorings. If I had signed a contract to "keep my berth down" for a week I would not have done it more faithfully. The most fertile imagination could never conceive the "sensation" in a real storm at sea, unless it had been experienced. The Captain was lashed to the bridge, and never left his post for forty-eight hours. The wind whistled through the rigging with a piping voice, so human-like that it caused a continuous shudder. The heavy tread of the watchman could be heard as he paced up and down, and twice in that night, which seemed to be endless, we heard him call, "All is well!" The stewardess came to tie me into the berth, and inform me that all cooking operations were suspended for the day! The thoughts of a lifetime came trooping before me as I lay in this storm-tossed vessel in mid-ocean, knowing we were simply at the mercy of the winds and the waves.

Two days later we reached in safety the Island of Tasmania. This small island is one of the colonies of Australasia. Although it is only sixteen hours from here to the shores of the main island, for some reason it seems completely shut off from the world. Moreover, it lies under the disadvantage of having been one of the places to which England formerly banished the lawless; and though this element can now scarcely be traced, most of the criminals being dead, yet I can but believe that the influences of the early settlement still have something to do with the lack of progress at the present time in the island.

The climate is perfectly delightful; for an all-round climate, where one must abide the whole year, I know of none other like it. A strange atmosphere pervades the whole island; it reminds one of the scripture text, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and shall be for evermore." The home life is charming beyond description. If anyone is seen rushing along the streets, at once a report is circulated that a stranger is in town—for a native Tasmanian was never known to hurry. There is a complete absence of distinguished persons. The only one I have ever heard of hailing from these parts is Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who was born in Hobart. The scenery between Hobart and Launceston is beautiful. It is especially marked by the growth of the fern tree, which is a native of the island, and adds a picturesque effect to the landscape.

Port Arthur is a place of great interest, that is, if one wishes to learn where the prisoners of early days lived and how they were treated. The town is reached in a few hours by boat from Hobart; the trip gives one a very good idea of the general coast-line, and Port Arthur itself is still attractive. To my mind the object of greatest interest was the old man who had been banished from England for life for stealing some candy from a counter in a bakery to which he had been sent for bread. At the time of my visit he was very old, and had formed such an attachment for the place that he could not be tempted to leave it. He met the steamers when they arrived, and acted as general guide to the visitors.

The old church, which years ago was one of the

A Tasmanian View.

largest on the island, is now in ruins, but the "model prison" was built with such strength that it remains complete to the present day.

This prison was considered the most perfect structure ever erected for such uses, and was, perhaps, the greatest device ever known for inhuman treatment. It so far surpassed anything else that it was regarded as the crowning touch of *latter day civilization*. In grateful recognition of this master-stroke for carrying out the sum of all cruelties, the government pardoned the life-convict in whose fertile brain the plan of this prison originated. The building was made of heavy stone, quarried near by, and was so well built that the years have left no trace upon it. The whipping-post, a heavy iron pillar, still stands; and if it could speak, the very air would, doubtless, become laden with the groans of the suffering. The recreation ground was a small yard surrounded by high walls; to this the prisoners were driven out every day and allowed so many "rounds," twenty rounds making a mile.

When it was necessary to inflict extra punishment the criminal was marched into a dark cell and kept on bread and water served but once a day. I entered this cell, whose very walls might well cry out in protest against the wrongs perpetrated in the name of justice. Four great iron doors, double bolted, barred and locked, shut in the helpless and hopeless victim. Ventilation was not a consideration, for to admit air was to give light, and this vile den was intended to exclude every glimmer of day. The blackness was awful beyond description. Into this chamber of

horrors were thrust men and women who in any possible way had rebelled against their conditions.

This direful institution was called the "prison of silence," and was used in punishment of a variety of offenses. Criminals were sent there to be disciplined only, and while within the walls were not allowed to utter a sound; neither were they given any occupation; their lot was to sit in silence for days or weeks. The utterance of a single word meant either the dark room or the whipping-post.

I was surprised when the old convict to whom I have alluded took us to a large room and said, "This is the chapel where they preached to us on Sundays and told us what miserable wretches we were." The room was of circular form, and the pews were fearfully and wonderfully made; they extended around the room from a door on the right to a door on the left, and were so constructed that the "worshipers" could see the preacher only. These pews were in reality only stalls large enough to seat one prisoner; the distance between the rows was about two feet, and the benches were partitioned off at regular intervals with small doors that swung either way. As the prisoner was driven in on Sundays he passed through a number of these doors, and when his own number was reached he took his seat on a bench so elevated that it left his feet dangling in space. The back and sides of each row of seats were so high that the occupant of one stall could not see the occupant of another. Each prisoner was cooped in by himself. In the center of the room the large circular pulpit—

with soft, pretty drapery, luxurious velvet cushions, and a beautifully bound Bible — was filled twice each Sunday by a preacher who was paid by the government to interpret Divine mercy to the unhappy victim of a cruel and unjust law! Leaving the chapel the prisoners, in profound silence, were marched to their cells to meditate upon the "Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," and feel thankful that they were created to become the means through which a government preacher could gain an honest livelihood.

An enterprising clergyman has recently purchased of the government the prison and grounds for a small sum, and the whole is being converted into a pleasure resort. It is no longer open as a show place. Most of the striking prison features are being removed; and the pews and the pulpit have been taken from the chapel. I do not know what will be done with these relics; perhaps they are to be placed in the archives of the nation that future generations may look on and better appreciate the progress of their own day. The chapel has been turned into a billiard-room, where the walls will resound with the voices of merry-makers who seek to kill time and care. The partitions separating the cells will be torn away, and spacious bedrooms with soft beds and downy pillows will invite the weary pilgrims to rest in this spot made *sacred* by the "hand of oppression."

While at Port Arthur I met a government surveyor who had come across the grave of a felon who was whipped to death. A rough stone marked the spot, and in rudely chiseled letters we read the fate of

a "prisoner convict." In digging to plant a post near by, a skull was unearthed which was supposed to be that of some one who had suffered a like death. The surveyor had carefully wrapped it up, and was about to send it to the National Museum, but learning that I had an accumulation of curiosities from all parts of the world he kindly donated it to my collection.

It would be a great thing for the prosperity of the island if these buildings, that have made such a sad, pitiful record in human history, could be leveled to the ground, and the last stone cast into the depths of the sea.

JAPAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE MIKADO.—JAPANESE CHARACTERISTICS.

THE world generally is applauding the bravery, courage and pluck of the Japanese. Whole volumes are being written to record their valiant deeds, and the daily press sounds their praises far and near. So, I turn back the pages of my note-book to read my impressions of the race and country derived from personal observation.

The women of Yokohama expected me to reach their shores on a certain day, and appointed a committee to go off to the ship to welcome me and escort me to the capital. We anchored one morning about a mile from the wharf. While engaged in preparation to go ashore I heard someone ask if I were a passenger. Going on deck I found about twenty Japanese ladies waiting to greet me, and see that I landed in safety. They were accompanied by one solitary man, who announced that he had come to welcome me on behalf of his countrymen. The Japanese are so polite, and possessed of such grace of manner that they are frequently called the French of

the East. Special attention is paid to foreign ladies; nothing is left undone that can add to their comfort. This gentleman heard that I had been seasick during the voyage, so he made me his charge in landing. As I was about to cross the deck he offered his arm to conduct me down the steps into the boat. I towered nearly two feet above him, and as I stooped down to take his arm my only thought — which amounted to a fear—was, if I should fall upon this man he never would know what killed him; but we reached the wharf in safety. A hurried drive brought us to the station, whence in a few minutes we were whirling northward toward the capital.

The journey was a delightful one, surrounded by these charming, modest little women, who looked on me as a born curiosity. The railroad passed through a beautiful valley; one side was hemmed in by towering hills, and the other stretched down to the water's edge. The air was soft and balmy, and the tide was out, so there was no splash and dash of the waves as they now and then kissed the sandy beach, rolling back again to gather force for another caress. The voice of the sea was scarcely more than a gentle murmur that came like a soothing lullaby to the weary traveler.

Traveling is much slower here than in England or America, and has a decided advantage in giving the traveler a chance to see as he goes. Thus we journeyed on, skirting the beach until Tokio was reached, the capital of the empire and the home of the Mikado.

At this particular time, when the eye of the world is on the victorious sons of Japan, who are making history toward which the unnumbered hosts of the future will point with pride, there stands out among the brave, heroic and progressive spirits one of the most striking characters of the century. Unless one has visited the far East, and made one's self familiar by observation with the peculiar surroundings that have from time immemorial hedged in the rulers of these conservative lands, it is hardly possible to understand just what the progressive spirit of the Emperor of Japan means.

When the Mikado came to the throne of his fathers, the one hundred and twenty-first ruler of his line — for he claims an unbroken descent from Jummu Terno, Son of Heaven, who ruled 660 B. C. — he was only sixteen years of age. He had lived the life to which imperial princes for ages have been restricted, and had positively no knowledge of the world, and little foundation for character that must lead, and at the same time rule, forty millions of people. At that time the Mikado was supposed to be the spiritual leader of the people, rather than the ruler, the Shoguns really possessing the temporal power. Some centuries ago the military leaders, styling themselves Tycoons, assumed the power of government, leaving only titular honors to the emperor. The Tycoons ruled with a high hand until Mutso Hito came to the throne, when there was a general demand on the part of his subjects that war be waged with the Tycoons, who had so long kept the real ruler in the back-

ground. Therefore it was that in 1868, when only seventeen years of age, out stepped this boy ruler into the nineteenth century sunlight of progress, and brought about the subjection of the Tycoons, who retired into the quietude of private life; and thus the complete restoration of power to the emperor took place.

The spirit of reform was born in the new ruler. In a short time he received the representatives of other countries, being the first emperor who ever sat in state council. Three years later he sent a commission of fifty picked men around the world to study systems of education, and western art and science. He was especially favorable to the education of women. Realizing that much of real character-molding devolves upon the mother, it seemed to him that the better education of woman would aid greatly in laying a sure foundation for the future progress of the nation.

Less than two years after his accession Mutso Hito took unto himself a noble woman to share the duties of his high position. In marriage the emperor is no more allowed to make a love match than is his meanest subject; nor is he allowed to take his wife from any branch of the imperial family; she is chosen from the daughters of the five highest noble families. Imagine this youth, less than twenty years of age, standing before a line of blushing maidens, of whom he has little knowledge, and looking them over much as he might a stock of merchandise from which to select the material for a garment! Knowing nothing of them, he must base his choice largely on good looks. I

fancy I see him as his eye runs up and down the line, grasping quickly the features upon which he will decide. And these poor girls! how they must have felt to be inspected from head to foot — to be chosen for looks, or for some feature that might have a special attraction for his majesty! What must their feelings have been as he walked up and down the line, passing one after another till his choice was made, and from the ranks there walked out one envied of all the rest!

Besides the selection of this one woman, who is recognized as the head of his household, and who alone has claim to the title of empress, the emperor may choose eleven concubines. These women are considered perfectly reputable, for they are selected from the best families. Each is established in quarters of her own, consisting of five or six apartments, and has one attendant of certain rank to wait upon her, each attendant having also her servant; thus they form a sort of community to themselves.

The Mikado's choice of an empress proved a very happy one. She was the daughter of a noble of highest birth with a spirit equally progressive as that of the emperor. She is deeply imbued with western ideas, and thoroughly believes in the fullest education of women. She has manifested unbounded interest in the school established for noblemen's daughters, where education in its varied branches is carried on under competent teachers.

During my visit to Japan I spent some time in the school among these charming young women, who are

as eager to adopt western ways as is the empress herself. The one great grief of the imperial household is that the empress has no children of her own. Ten children of the concubines have come to untimely deaths, and two princesses, frail, delicate little creatures, alone remain. At one time, when the emperor supposed he would be left without an heir to the throne, he adopted Arisugana Takihite, whom he intended to succeed him; but when I was in the country Prince Takihite had been dispossessed, and Prince Haru had been proclaimed Heir Apparent and Crown Prince. Since then a law has been passed prohibiting the son of a concubine from inheriting title or ascending the throne. The heir in future must be the child of the emperor and empress, or the succession passes to some branch of the family. This, however, will not affect the present prince, who is the son of the emperor and Madame Yanagewara.

Foreign dress has been adopted at court, and numerous and amusing are the tales related of the women who don these garments so "fearfully and wonderfully made." Accustomed as they are to ease and comfort in clothing, it was truly a sorry day when they tried to ape western customs and entered upon a struggle with our barbarous manner of dress. They certainly deserve the martyr's crown, and, indeed, I doubt if that would be adequate compensation for the torture inflicted by these unaccustomed garments.

When I attended the Tokio dress reform society, and was asked to express an opinion concerning the introduction of a new mode of attire, I was in doubt

for a few moments what to say. I looked at them in their long, loose gowns with roomy sleeves, saw that they could trip about with a degree of grace, and certainly with great comfort, and then I thought of my own manner of dress—of all the stringing, strapping, binding, lacing and hooking! Why it is like rigging a ship, to get a woman into her clothes in these days! Especially was it so at the period of my visit to Japan, for it was the time when woman was going about (I almost blush to think of it) with a hump on her back like that of a camel. Since that fashion has become a thing of the past, I have often wondered what we would do if we were born with such a hump; I believe we would lie on our backs all the days of our lives, trying to flatten it out. I am often amazed at our lack of intelligence in matters of dress. We weigh down our poor, tired bodies with as many pounds of cloth as we can carry, and load our heads with cockades and feathers until we look top-heavy and lop-sided; then we go to the mirror, and the reflection so charms us that we exclaim "How lovely!" We are then in quite the proper frame of mind to hasten off to the benighted heathen, and preach to them of the higher civilization and what it has done for woman. They listen to our words, for they are astonished at our appearance, and simply exclaim, "These poor barbarians! Don't they know any better?" pitying us from the bottom of their hearts.

Aware of all this, my only reply to the Tokio dress reformers was, "Your costume is most comfortable,

and very becoming, and were I a Japanese lady I would always wear it." The women of Asia have suffered much from long established customs, but of one thing, at least, they should ever be grateful to their ancestors — they have handed down from century to century, a style of dress in perfect keeping with the laws of health and altogether modest in design.

In comparing the Chinese with the Japanese the world generally is very apt to overrate the latter. This is especially true at this moment when great victories have been achieved which seem to indicate the superiority of the Japanese over his neighbor. Victory in war, however, is no criterion upon which to base our opinions of the people of these nations. While it is true that Japan has made great progress, and exhibited a spirit of willingness to adopt improved methods of government and throw the country open to the world, it is by no means true that it is in every respect superior to China. Japan excels in warfare; but that, after all, is only a relic of barbarism, and modern methods of carrying on wholesale murder and butchery surpass in barbarity anything known in the darkest ages. Hence I say, the fact that a nation is victorious in warfare indicates little beyond power for organization. Comparing the two countries from the stand-point of intellect I should say the Chinaman stands first. In morals, it is a case of "drawing straws"; but for logic and philosophy, give me the Chinese.

We of the West, who do not know these people in their home lives, but judge of the whole race by the

scattering few who come to our shores, fail to recognize this fact: those who leave China are chiefly coolies—very few of the better class, and none of the high-caste, leave their country. With the Japanese it is just the reverse; few go abroad to engage in the lower occupations; and most of those who are found within our borders are either here to attend school or carry on business. Japanese coolies are unknown. As a consequence we are constantly comparing the higher class of Japanese with the coolie Chinese. I have lived in both countries; I have journeyed away from the beaten tracks of travel, and have had every opportunity of judging the comparative merits of the two peoples. It is true that the Chinaman is slow to grasp an idea; but when he comes to a decision it is because he has seen the philosophy of it, and from this follows a logical deduction from which it is almost impossible to move him. The Japanese are more emotional, and if their better self is appealed to they move at once; but when the influence that has affected them is withdrawn they usually slip back to old ways and methods. Because of this characteristic the missionaries do not know just how far to count on them when Christian influence is removed. It is a conceded fact that the Japanese excel in bravery, as the recent war fully illustrates. The Chinese are known to be cowards, and have usually returned from battle with trailing colors. So deeply seated is this element of cowardice that such a thing as a great Chinese general will probably never be known. Perhaps it is just as well, for if ever they become a

courageous, warlike people, with their uncounted millions they would soon capture the world.

The Japanese seem never to have drawn the line between time and eternity, and if it were not occasionally so exasperating, it would be really refreshing to move among men and women who take time to live; but when one goes rushing over the land, anxious to see everything at once, and get away as soon as possible, it is sometimes a great drain on one's reserved fund of grace to possess one's soul in peace and wait for the slow action of the natives. It is impossible to hurry them; you might just as well harness a snail, hoping to urge it into a gallop, as to try to impress it upon the Japanese that "time is money."

The country is beautiful, and much of its beauty is due to the fact of which I have just written; the people take time to cultivate it properly. It is no uncommon sight to see a man with a wooden plough going over a small tract of land, and another following with grain, planting it in rows with as much care as we would set out cabbage or tomato plants. On the whole I should say that there is scarcely a race of people who derive more real enjoyment from life than do the Japanese.

CHAPTER II.

A GLIMPSE OF NATIVE LIFE.

THE women of Japan are small—I should say the smallest of the Orient—their average height being only four feet six inches. They are very graceful, have clear skin, and hair—in which they take special pride—as black as a raven's wing. The hair is arranged three times a week, and always requires the assistance of a barber. Even then the process of oiling, gluing and packing the hair into a great pile must tax the time and patience of these women beyond all measure.

I was greatly interested, one day, watching a Japanese lady undergoing this form of martyrdom. She sat on the floor before a small mirror fastened to the top of what we would call a toy bureau. The bureau contained three drawers, in which were kept her articles of toilet—powder, oil, wax and tooth-paste. The barber began operations, and after an hour and a half of hard labor accomplished the feat of massing her hair in a fashion that served as a head-cover, for neither hats nor bonnets are worn; in fact, the only protection for the head, either from heat or cold, is that which nature has given it.

After the hair of a Japanese woman is arranged it takes little time to complete her toilet. She wears no

under linen whatever, but compensates somewhat for this seeming disregard of cleanliness by frequent baths. Her dress is especially to be commended, both for grace and comfort. It is one garment—a loose robe that hangs from the shoulders to the feet. A belt, or scarf, called an obi, is always worn about the waist, and varies in beauty according to the station of the wearer. It is wrapped two or three times around the waist, and fastened in the back in the form of a knapsack, which gives additional width to the figure, though it cannot be said to add to the beauty of the costume. The obi is often made of the richest material, beautifully embroidered, and is the special pride of the wearer.

The one thing that greatly mars the artistic "make-up" of a Japanese woman is the foot-gear. Stockings are never worn, but as a substitute a cotton sock of heavy white cloth, with canvas sole, is donned. This sock has a slit between the great toe and its nearest neighbor to admit the strap by which the sandal is fastened to the foot. The sandals are of great variety. The most common are made of plaited straw—a mere sole piece with a loop that goes over the foot just below the instep and between the opening in the toe of the sock. Usually, these sandals are too small for the foot, which hangs over at the heel. In rainy weather a kind of clog is worn—a common sole mounted on two pieces of thin wood about four inches high and six inches apart. This elevates the wearer four inches, and it is a funny sight to see her struggling through the mud in her

Japanese Sleeping Apartment.

narrow dress, with toes turned in trying to keep the clogs on her feet.

The peculiar construction of the houses, and a complete absence of furniture of any kind, make very light housework for the women. In the rural districts the houses are very small, square in form, with thatched roofs. Birds often drop seeds on the housetops, or the wind blows them into the thatching, where they take root, and in the springtime burst into life and beauty. These bright bits of green, peeping out from the roof, lend beauty to the general landscape. The houses are usually built close to the streets, and glimpses of home life are easily caught by the passer-by. In the cities the houses are two stories high; the lower part is given up to business, and the upper part is set aside for the living rooms. The front—as are sometimes the sides—is made of window-sashes, which slide back and open the whole face of the house to the street. Over the sashes is pasted white rice-paper. The use of window-glass is almost unknown, except among the wealthy, who have copied English architecture. The floors are covered with matting, invariably clean, for neither clog nor shoe is permitted to come in contact with it—they are left outside. The mats are always of a certain size; a house or piece of land is said to be "so many mats square." These mats are made of raw straw, very skillfully plaited, with a smooth, close upper side. The partitions in the houses are not walls, but sliding screens, which run on grooves, and extend about two-thirds of the distance to the ceiling.

When they are pushed back the whole house is thrown into one large room, which is perfectly destitute of furniture. The floor serves for bed, chairs and table. At night a quilted blanket takes the place of all bedding. The inmates of the house stretch themselves upon the yielding matting, sometimes covered with a clean paper, pull the quilt over them, and place their heads on a wooden pillow, upon which the neck alone rests. Surely, they have little need for a bedstead or mattress.

The leading ladies of the capital entertained me at a native dinner at the Maple Leaf club-house, of Tokio. On reaching the door, I was requested by a servant to remove my shoes, and he at once proceeded to assist me in complying with his request, no one being allowed to enter a house or temple with covered feet. No matter who or what you are, off must come the offending shoes. This done, I ascended a flight of broad steps and reached the great dining-hall, which was without furniture, save the ever-present matting. There was nothing to sit on but the floor. These little creatures drop down on their knees and throw themselves back on their heels—a position to which they have been accustomed from childhood—and the attitude so well becomes them that chairs would be quite out of place. No extra provision had been made for me, and I, too, must sit like a tailor, or squat like a Turk. Being nearly two yards long, I found it no easy task to shut myself up like a jack-knife; so, camel-like, I got down by degrees and tried to assume as nearly as possible

an attitude like that of my campanions, but even this kept me so far from the floor, that I was forced to sit tailor-fashion, in order to reach the food.

Pretty girls came in to wait on us. Before each of us was set a small tray containing a native soup with fish dressing. The fish is eaten raw; sometimes, it is said, while almost alive. This was the first of about fifteen courses. After an hour and a half had elapsed, the party broke up. The food that was not eaten each took from his tray, wrapped a white paper napkin around it, and slipped it into the corner of his large, roomy sleeve. This is also a custom in private houses when "company" dinners are given.

The Japanese are much more liberal in their treatment of their women than are the men of any other part of the Orient. In most of these countries women are surrounded by cruel prejudices which, from the cradle to the grave, compel their submission at the expense of their greater development and happiness. Although the Japanese women do not enjoy the privileges secured to their sisters of Christian lands, their position is greatly superior to that of any of the women of other parts of the East. They are, however, without legal status, and their evidence would not be admitted in a court of justice; hence they are wholly dependent upon their male relatives for protection.

Upon the women devolve all the domestic duties of home life, in addition to which they embroider, clean, card and weave native cloth. The wives of trades-

men assist their husbands in business, and are said to be very shrewed in "driving a bargain" with foreign customers.

Children are left very much to themselves; there is little mischief they can get into—no chairs to knock about, no tables to overturn. The most they can do is to pitch and tumble about on the soft matting. The older children look after the younger, which relieves the mother of much care. It is a common sight to see very small children at play with babies fastened on their backs, just as the women carry them about while working in the fields. Their playmates are usually a peculiar species of dog, which must be related to the cats of Java, or the Isle of Man, for they, like the cats, have only an excuse for a tail; it is about two inches long.

The only important event in the life of a child before marriage is the ceremony of naming it. On the thirteenth day after its birth the first name is bestowed. If the child is a boy, he receives an additional name when he is married, and another if he ever becomes a government officer; this continues, as he advances in rank, so long as he lives. After death he receives his last name—the one to be carved upon his tombstone—by which his memory is held sacred. The ceremony of naming a child may be witnessed at any time in one of the numerous temples. The child is brought with great pomp and display to the edifice where his parents worship. The process of purification is gone through; then the father hands the priest a piece of paper with three names written upon it.

Each name is copied on a separate piece of paper, and placed in a sacred vessel. They are then shaken up while the priest repeats prayers over them, after which he throws them into the air, and the first piece falling to the floor indicates the name which the gods have decreed shall be bestowed upon the child. The name is then inscribed upon an ornamental piece of paper and given to the father. The priest is required to register the child's name on the temple roll, which is frequently examined by government officials.

CHAPTER III.

WOMAN'S EDUCATION IN JAPAN.

MOST oriental countries boast of their culture, but education is chiefly confined to the male portion of the population. Women, with but few exceptions—few as compared with the masses—are denied the first rudiments of learning. This is not so true of the women of Japan. Boys and girls alike are sent to primary schools, and since the advent of missionaries special attention has been given to the education of girls, and the higher education of woman is an oft-discussed subject. Many of them aspire to professions, and not a few are engaged in literary pursuits. In Tokio I was "interviewed" by a lady reporter, who was one of the staff of a daily paper conducted by a woman. One of the best temperance magazines of our day is edited and owned by a Japanese woman.

While in Tokio I addressed the "Society for the Higher Education of Woman." The meeting was held in the school established by the government for noblemen's daughters; for the government has awakened to the fact that the advancement of a country depends largely on the development and education of its women. The embassadors to America, England and France are obliged to take their wives with them,

the government having issued the following order: "Our women are all backward in intelligence for want of sound education, and the education of the children goes hand in hand with that of the mothers, and is an object of highest importance; therefore, we desire the embassadors to take with them their wives, daughters and sisters, that they may learn in foreign lands the correct system of instructing children."

The meeting to which I refer was attended by about two hundred peeresses. After the address an opportunity was given to ask questions, and it was surprising to see how alive they were to all that pertains to the advancement of women. They recognized the fact that the true elevation of the country depended on their own improvement. No nation can move on and leave its women behind; it can only progress as women keep abreast with the age. Several young girls of rank have been sent by the empress to the United States that they may have the advantage of our best schools. Their capacity for advanced mental training has been fully established by their high standing in their classes, and the fact that several of them have carried off first prizes in competition with American girls of their own age. This will doubtless lead to placing girls throughout the empire on an equal footing with boys in educational privileges. Following this must soon come the legal recognition of women.

Education in Japan has taken a remarkable form among some of the better classes of women. The people are very fond of assembling to listen to pro-

fessional singers and readers. The reading of national legends and romances often attracts hundreds, who listen two or three hours to women who have spent much time and study in preparation for this kind of entertainment. Those who arrive at any degree of eminence have regular places for their performances. I attended one of these, given in a large hall in one of the great cities. We started early, and after getting our tickets, for which we paid fifteen cents each, and taking off and checking our shoes, we entered the hall, took a seat on the clean matting, and awaited developments. Soon the people began to gather—in families, or in twos and threes? Meantime, pretty girls were flitting here and there selling tea and fans, for the evening was very warm.

The hall was hung with the ever-present Japanese lanterns, and the walls were decorated with paintings, many on silk, representing noted persons, or historical scenes. The hall slowly filled. Soon the curtains parted and a woman, in richest attire, appeared before us. Her dress and obi were of the most gorgeous embroidery, but the "construction" of her hair cannot be likened unto anything on the earth or in the sea. It was "wonderfully" built, and adorned with a profusion of hair ornaments, the like of which can only be seen in that country.

She stepped forward, and seated herself on a rug before a low writing-desk, upon which she placed her open book. A most profound silence fell upon the assembly as her clear, well-modulated voice floated out into the hall, reaching the furthermost corner.

Sometimes the reading was accompanied by strains of low music from an instrument held in her hand; then again nothing but the richness of her voice could be heard. Often, by her gestures or the pathos of her voice, I imagined a scene of sadness was being described, or a story of sorrow told. The reading over, she rose with great dignity and retired, amid the same silence that was maintained throughout the whole entertainment.

The education of the women has not yet extended to the stage; and such a thing is unheard of in any country of the Orient save Siam. All parts intended for women are taken by men in female attire. Among the common people singers go about the streets in groups, just as the Italian, with hand-organ and monkey, wanders through the streets of our more civilized land. The usual supplications for money follows the music, and the people are glad to contribute—I suppose to have them "move on."

CHAPTER IV.

"THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT."

AS MIGHT be expected in a land where the will of man is law in the household, divorces are very easy to obtain in Japan. The husband has almost unlimited power. According to the law a man may put aside his wife for any one of seven reasons: First, if she is disobedient to her parents-in-law; second, if she be barren; third, if she be lewd or licentious; fourth, if she be jealous; fifth, if she have a loathsome or contagious disease; sixth, if she steal; seventh, *if she talk too much.* The husband being the sole judge in the matter, these seven reasons could be made to serve in almost any case. The divorced wife has no legal claim to support, but must devise some way to take care of herself. Under no circumstances or plea can a woman get a divorce from her husband.

Polygamy, wherever found, or however modified, is an unmitigated curse. In Japan a man has but one legal wife. She is retained if she presents her husband with the children he desires; if not, this is sufficient reason for divorce. If he does not divorce her, by common consent, and with her assistance in the selection, he takes one or two "handmaids" into his household, the legal wife retaining her position as head of the house. If she assists in selecting the "handmaid," it is said the wife is never jealous.

A Japanese Lady.

While there are many things in the surroundings of these women which make us feel how vastly better off they are than many others, yet a real searching into social conditions reveals a state of affairs hardly in keeping with their advancement. The sins that abound in other places in the East are found here also. It is true that no painted, lewd women parade the streets and publicly announce their shame; it is true that no "pestilence walks at noonday" in Japan, but it is there, and a visit to some sections of the great cities makes us realize how the "trail of the serpent" is seen everywhere. Some idea may be gathered from Mr. Humbert's writing of the terrible surroundings into which these women are sometimes led:

"Whither goes that poorly dressed woman, holding by hand a young girl only seven years of age, decked out in her best clothes? After an hour's walk she reaches the external wall of the city of vice, accessible only on the one side—that of the north. She has met no woman on the way. The elegant norimonos of the ladies, whose coolies are carrying them in that direction, are closely shut. Individuals of every rank meet in this part of the city, but salute each other without exchanging the smallest politeness. The houses on both sides of the public way seem to be dependencies of the privileged quarters. The gate-keeper on duty conducts the traveler, with the poor little child, into the presence of his chief. After a few moments the mother and daughter come out of the ward-room, accompanied by a police agent, who leads them to one of the chief buildings in the street. The mother

returns alone, carrying in the sleeve of her dress a sum of money amounting to about fifty dollars. The bargain has been duly made, and has been signed and sealed. *She has sold her child, body and soul, for a term of seventeen years.*

"Majority is only an illusory right in Japan, when brought in contact with the will of the parent. In the greater number of cases these poor creatures are the victims of the ill conduct of the father, who has fallen into dissolute habits, and who, in order that he may be perfectly without restraint, has turned his wife and children out of his home. The forsaken wife will never have an opportunity of contracting another marriage. Society condemns her. If she has no relations who will receive her, she is left to utter solitude, and her only prospect is poverty. Under these circumstances the mother feels forced to sell her child. If she be grown up, the bargain is still better, as the mother will derive from it a small amount annually for three or four years.

"But what becomes of the girl when the contract has expired? She does not retain a farthing of the money which her wretched profession has brought her. She has generally been allowed to go in debt for dress and food to the proprietor of the establishment, and in order to meet her obligations, she must enter into a new agreement; so she generally ends her life as a servant or housekeeper in the house where her career began. If a man happens to form an attachment for a courtesan, he will purchase her or even marry her, but such is a very exceptional case.

"The great ladies of these places have their rooms furnished with much elegance. Some of them are under 'the protection' of young men of high families, who pay a certain amount to the keeper, for which she maintains the best looking girls and finest surroundings. Pipes and refreshments are to be had in profusion to season the witty conversation of the ladies as they escort the gentlemen into the garden, surrounded by high walls on all sides. A dance-hall forms part of the appurtenances of the place, and all the dancing is done by the women and the small children, sold at early ages, who figure largely in these performances.

"These resorts are closed to foreigners in Yeddo, but in many localities the government has adopted measures to make these places accessible to the foreign element."

Yet, with all the gnawing away at the very core of home life, one might live in a Japanese city for years and see none of the moral leprosy that nightly flaunts itself in Broadway, the Haymarket, or other streets of the great cities of Christian lands; but it is there, and the most sorrowful feature of it is the lack of protection to small children who should be in the nursery with their dolls, but who are really the property of parents who barter them in the markets of vice.

CHINA.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

THE country whose name holds fewest allurements for the tourist is China. The lower class of the Chinese have scattered themselves to the ends of the earth, taking with them their vices and unclean mode of life, which have fostered disease to such an extent that the very name of China has become a dread to many communities. It is in this way that the opinions of the outside world concerning the "Flowery Kingdom" have been molded; and because of this, even the most enthusiastic globe trotter turns toward that land with a feeling that is something akin to fear.

As a matter of fact there is far more civilization among the Chinese than we give them credit for. When the inhabitants of the British Isles were painted savages, China enjoyed a degree of cultivation. Wun Wang, who lived during the reign of David, wrote a book that now ranks among the classics, and is one of the standard works in the schools of to-day. When Moses was leading the children of Israel through the

Red Sea, the Chinese were a settled people, having the same form of government under which they now live. Since then the famous empires of Assyria, Babylon, Greece and Rome have waxed and waned, and passed away, and China alone stands the sole relic of patriarchal days.

I confess that the country had very little fascination for me, as I contemplated a somewhat extended trip among the celestials, and I started toward its shores with strange forebodings; but the day was set on which I was to embark in the "China mail steamer," and there was no drawing back. (Shades of Fulton! That "mail steamer!" — a small tea boat with a few cabins in which passengers were to be stowed away for a month!)

I took passage from a northern city on the east coast of Australia, and surmounted difficulties not a few in getting to the anchored steamer, far down the bay. I was taken off in the freight tender—a primitive affair intended only for cargo and live stock. I stood on the wharf while this was being loaded; saw the sheep and about a dozen Chinese put on, and then I went down with the rest of the live stock. The pitiless rays of a tropical sun beat upon us as, unprotected by awning or cover, we alternately broiled, baked and stewed in that torrid climate. I sat looking first into the faces of the innocent sheep, then at the bland Chinaman—(Oh, the meek and childlike John! Who on earth can smile like he?)—wondering which looked the more innocent, when my attention was arrested by a man at one end of the tender

actively engaged in what seemed to be a great labor. I rose from the candle-box on which I was seated, and saw he was preparing biscuit. He kept kneading and kneading away—the perspiration rolling from his forehead and chin—until his doughy preparation was ready for the oven, for he was at the head of the culinary department, and it was near the dinner hour. Some time later, one of the freight hands, a kind-hearted soul, asked me if I would have a cup of tea, to which I assented. He hastened off, and soon returned with an immense, thick cup, brimful of tea, and beside the cup reposed some of the very biscuit which the cook had been so recently engaged in manufacturing. I took the tea, and, when the man's back was turned, fed the fish with the biscuit.

The mail steamer was soon reached, and I found that I was the only woman passenger booked through for China. Most of those on board were on their way to the northern gold fields beyond Port Darwin, of which place it is said there is only a sheet of brown paper between it and a very warm climate we sometimes hear of. At this port they all disembarked, leaving one solitary Jew and myself to continue our journey.

All went well for a day or two, but the China Sea—that stormy body of water dreaded by the oldest and most skillful navigators—fully sustained its reputation, and entered into a conspiracy with the elements to display their fury. My heart was filled with dismay when I heard the captain say, "We are in the tail end of a typhoon." (If that was the tail end,

deliver me from ever getting into the middle of one!) The ports were ordered closed, everything movable taken from the deck, the hatchway battened down, and all doors bolted. Soon the storm was full upon us. The little Hebrew was terror-stricken; as for myself—well, when the captain came to assure us that there was no danger, I had reached the state that reconciled Mark Twain to a storm: first he was seized with an awful dread that he might die, then with a worse dread that he might not die. I had reached this last frame of mind, and told the captain it was a splendid experience from which to gain "dying grace." There is no doubt about it—the sensation of hopelessness that comes upon one in a time of such awful peril is a good experience.

The tempest lasted three days, and when, at length, we were informed that we could have our ports opened, it came to us with a sense of relief such as one might feel in being resurrected from a too previous burial. I have seldom had anything so impress me as the dawn of the day after the storm. The waves, having spent their force, were content to lie in dark folds against the ship, tossing it from side to side. The somber hues of departing night were reflected upon the bosom of the angry sea, and the gray of the early morning lent additional weirdness to the scene. The only noise above the moan of the winds through the rigging, and the dash of the heavy sea against the boat, was the steady tramp of the mate keeping his lonely watch on the bridge.

Three days later, early in the morning, while the

moon was yet high in the heavens, we came in sight of Hong-Kong. Anxious to catch the first sight of China I hastened on deck, whence a scene of great beauty burst upon me. The moon and stars never shone more brightly—it was almost as light as day—and we could plainly see on our right the sand-hills that skirt the mainland, and on our left the larger hills that form the island on which is built the beautiful city of Victoria. It is but a wee dot in the sea, consisting of only a range of hills, rising in some places with great abruptness, and in others gently sloping to the water. The city extends some three miles along the shore and up the hills to the summit of the highest peak, a distance of twenty-four hundred feet. A narrow footpath winds around this hill to the very top. In addition to this is a recently constructed tramway, a portion of which is so steep that in looking toward the shore a hair-raising, marrow-freezing sensation creeps over one.

As we dropped anchor swarms of natives in small boats descended upon the steamer to take us ashore, and remained near by till morning was full upon us. The captain pointed out one of these small boats—about fifteen feet in length—in which he said, a family of four generations had been living for years! At one end of the boat (called a "sampan") a matting made of bamboo, extended over a large hoop reaching to the gunwales, afforded protection from the sun. Under this the entire family ate, slept, cooked and lived, rarely going ashore.

These scenes around the steamer in the early morn-

ing hours, formed a comprehensive and sad commentary on China. The degraded condition of the women is most apparent, and the heavy labor that falls to their portion must make life a burden scarcely to be borne. One woman stood in the end of a boat which was propelled by an oar at the stern, with a child strapped to her back, swaying her body to and fro, trying to quiet the screaming infant and at the same time pulling away at the heavy oar. In one of these small boats I was rowed ashore, where half a dozen Chinamen sprang at me all at once. I was somewhat alarmed, fearing they intended to carry me off bodily; but the captain assured me of their good intention, which was to see that I reached my destination in safety. The choice of conveyance was between a jenrikishaw and a sedan-chair; of these two evils I chose the greater, that is to say, the larger. A chair was placed on the ground, I walked to the end of the poles, backed in, and when seated, a Chinaman in the front, and one in the back, stooped and placed the poles on their shoulders. I was raised some feet from the ground, and thus, high in the air, I was borne through the streets. With a mingled feeling of fear, pity and compassion I passed through the streets amid scenes that no tongue could tell or pen describe. The natives were engaged in every occupation that could be named—from spinning to coffin-making. Not satisfied with the narrow limits of their workshop, which usually serves the purpose of both shop and dwelling, they bring their work to the sidewalk, and ply their various occupations. Thus the whole footpath is

taken up, and pedestrians are turned into the road. As the little carriages with their human steeds come spinning along in every direction, the safety of the pedestrian becomes a matter of some concern, and even a stranger will call out to a passer-by, warning him of the danger near.

We passed a stone quarry where women, old and young—some of them very old—were pounding away at the rocks with great sledge-hammers. When broken into small pieces the stones are carried to distant parts of the cities, and used in the construction of new roads. I exclaimed, "How awful!" but the captain told me that such work was not really the most laborious they had to perform. He pointed to the heights of the great hills before us, on which stood many beautiful buildings, and said, "Every stone and stick of timber used in putting up those buildings were carried on the shoulders of the natives, usually the women." In the interior it is a common sight to see a woman and a buffalo harnessed together plowing in the rice fields.

The city of Victoria is decidedly strange in appearance, and were it not for the multitude that throng the streets, it would have the appearance of a ruined town. The buildings are very large, built of brick, and plastered over with concrete. The damp season causes everything to mildew, both in and outside the house. The books, clothing, and everything indoors on which the dampness settles, is covered with minute fungi. Heavy scales of this have accumulated on the outside of the houses, and in the crevices of the

stones around the terraces grow every kind of fern and creeper, giving the whole a ruinous aspect which has a peculiar fascination.

Some distance north of Victoria, on the banks of the river which bears its name, is Canton, the largest city of southern China. The teeming millions that hive in this city are truly past all calculation. Indeed, the most astonishing feature of China is the density of its population. If I had been trying to picture the entire population of the earth, I could never have conceived the multitude that here press upon one at every turn. In being borne through the narrow streets of the city, the chatter of the passing throng is almost deafening.

Going down the river the captain pointed out the place where the opium was seized and burned. This caused that cruel war with England in which not only thousands of the people were slain, but which resulted in the greatest evil of the century being thrust upon the populace, for the opium traffic has brought to the venerable empire death in its streets and desolation in its homes. While I was in Canton some Chinese pirates who had looted a coasting boat were captured, and the command had gone forth that they should be beheaded. It would seem that the sum total of all cruelty could be found in the nature of the Chinaman, for his fertility in inventing inhuman means of torture could scarce be equaled this side of the bottomless pit. The Temple of Horrors, within which stand illustrations of different modes of punishment, (some of them not now in practice,) gives

one a small idea of the methods of torture the Chinaman is capable of devising. In bygone days the penalty for certain offenses was to be "sawn asunder." Long strips of wood, like the staves of a barrel, were placed around the criminal and made secure by wooden hoops. Saws were then brought forth and placed on each shoulder of the victim, and, at a given signal, the awful work began, and the shrieking wretch was sawed into three pieces.

Each particular offense had its own punishment. One was the pulling out of the tongue by the roots. The savage-looking implement employed in this torture was exhibited in the temple. Another, was to bring to a white-heat a metal bell, which was placed over the criminal's head while he was still alive. The common mode of punishment at present is beheading, and the execution ground is one of the "sights" of the city. When the premises are not being used to dispatch souls into eternity they are converted into pottery works in which hundreds are employed.

On execution day all work is set aside for certain hours, after which it is resumed with as little concern as though the laborers had been away at dinner. Large earthen jars, piled one upon the other, form one of the walls of the inclosure. These jars are filled with the heads of those who have been executed. As the vengeance of the law is meted out to each criminal the head is deposited in a jar, which is sealed and given its place in the wall. The bodies are given to the relatives, if [illegible]ire them. The mode of execution is most [illegible] The prisoners

are brought to the grounds chained one to another; a heavy stake is driven in the earth, and one of the victims is led forward with his hands pinioned in front of him. He falls upon his knees near the stake, to which his arms are fastened; the head is then thrown forward until the chin rests on the chest, leaving the back of the neck exposed. The executioner steps forward with a sharp meat-ax, and, with one well-aimed blow, the head is severed from the body, and is hastily picked up and placed in a jar.

Criminals are usually convicted on circumstantial evidence, and seldom, if ever, have a proper trial. Death is not always the penalty meted out to law-breakers. For small offenses the criminal is made an example of. A large square board with a hole in the center is placed around the neck and locked with a padlock. The criminal is then placed in the public streets as a warning to those not inclined to regard the law. The board is so large that it prevents the victim's hands from reaching his face, and thus the poor creature is kept all day from tasting food. Numbers of these criminals are driven out every morning and back in the evening, for a greater or less time, according to the offense.

The missionaries, merchants and commercial men who live without the wall of Canton form a community of their own. The life of a missionary is a very hard one; so little of the result of his work is ever seen. One might pass through the streets of Canton without becoming aware that a missionary had ever visited the place. I heard Dr. Happer, who has just

passed away, and who had been in China forty years, say, "Oh, that I were a young man again! Oh, that I had another life to give to China!" But all those forty years of hard work have left no impress—the city is not even touched by the Gospel; and, humanly speaking, the evangelization of China seems a hopeless task.

CHAPTER II.

UP RIVER IN A HOUSE-BOAT.

TO FORM any idea of real Chinese life it is necessary to leave the coast-line and go far from beaten tracks; this was my intention as I traveled northward.

The absence of rush and hurry in the home life of the Chinaman, and, indeed, in his affairs generally, has its advantage. There has not yet appeared that unmeasured and boundless force, with its very marked strength—that formidable and revolutionary factor in human affairs—the "restlessness" of the masses. In the lapse of ages, and in the course of progressive effort that has laid hold of almost the entire world, China has kept her feet on the rock of her fathers, refusing to enter upon the highway of human welfare hewn out of new ideas and modern thought. The Chinese are not in the least anxious to help make the wide world's history, to see the beginning of new movements, the birth of new ideas, or the development of new theories that will throw open doors that have been closed for centuries. There they stand, four hundred millions strong, as if shut away in the fastnesses of mountain heights, regarding the western ways as barbaric, content to hand down for ages still a civilization that to their minds has served them well. I say it has its advantages,

for they are saved the calamity of the mad house, which, in the West, is a woeful attendant upon our civilization, and is beyond a doubt a product of the very culture of which we boast.

The greatest drawback to China is the lack of home life, as we understand the term. Like all the countries of the Orient, the Chinese have no such word as "home" in their language; just what "house" literally expresses, just that thought is their idea of home—a place in which to seek shelter from the storm, to sleep at night, and prepare their food. The greatest need of the Orient is to learn what the word "home" means.

Determined to see something of the home life of these people, I set sail from Swatow, a small place some distance north of Canton, surrounded by a densely populated country. No steamers sail the small rivers, and the only means of travel is either in a small private house-boat, or in one of the public traffic boats that carry the natives from place to place. To travel in the latter entails more or less exposure to disease, for the lower classes have every appearance of deadly maladies lurking about them. Many of them are afflicted with leprosy, making them loathsome to behold. They go about uncared for, and are left to mingle with the masses, thus spreading the disease and endangering the safety of the traveler. Crossing a river in a native boat I have found myself surrounded by lepers in almost every stage of life (or death), yet still able to move about from place to place, veritable walking "pest-houses." When the disease has reached an

advanced stage they are awful to behold. The eating away of the various features so disfigures them that they bear little resemblance to a human being.

To avoid contact with these unfortunates I traveled in a small house-boat. This was a novel experience. As we loosed the little boat we were to live in for an uncertain time, and drifted down the bay with the tide, a strange sensation came upon me, and I closed my eyes to mentally peer into the regions beyond, only to feel confused and bewildered as to what we might encounter. The boat had three apartments—the sleeping room, which also served as sitting and dining room ; the kitchen, a small space six by four feet, just large enough for a Chinaman to display his skill in the preparation of food ; and a small room in which the Bible-woman slept on the floor, after the native custom. Besides the cook and Bible-woman, the ship was manned by seven native sailors, who rowed when it was calm weather, and spread the sails when we were favored with a breeze. We were becalmed much of the time. The weather was hot and damp, for we were in one of those humid climates where everything mildews. A tin box, elevated a few inches from the floor, stands in every room, and in this, on retiring, you deposit the garments worn during the day. If you carelessly leave shoes or books out at night, in the morning they are covered with heavy mildew ; and to hang a garment against the wall necessitates great labor in drying before it can be worn or packed away. After a bath at night, when the vapor almost to the extent of steam rose

from the body, I had serious misgivings as to the condition in which I might be found next morning, and the "shades" of mould and mildew made wretched my sleepless hours.

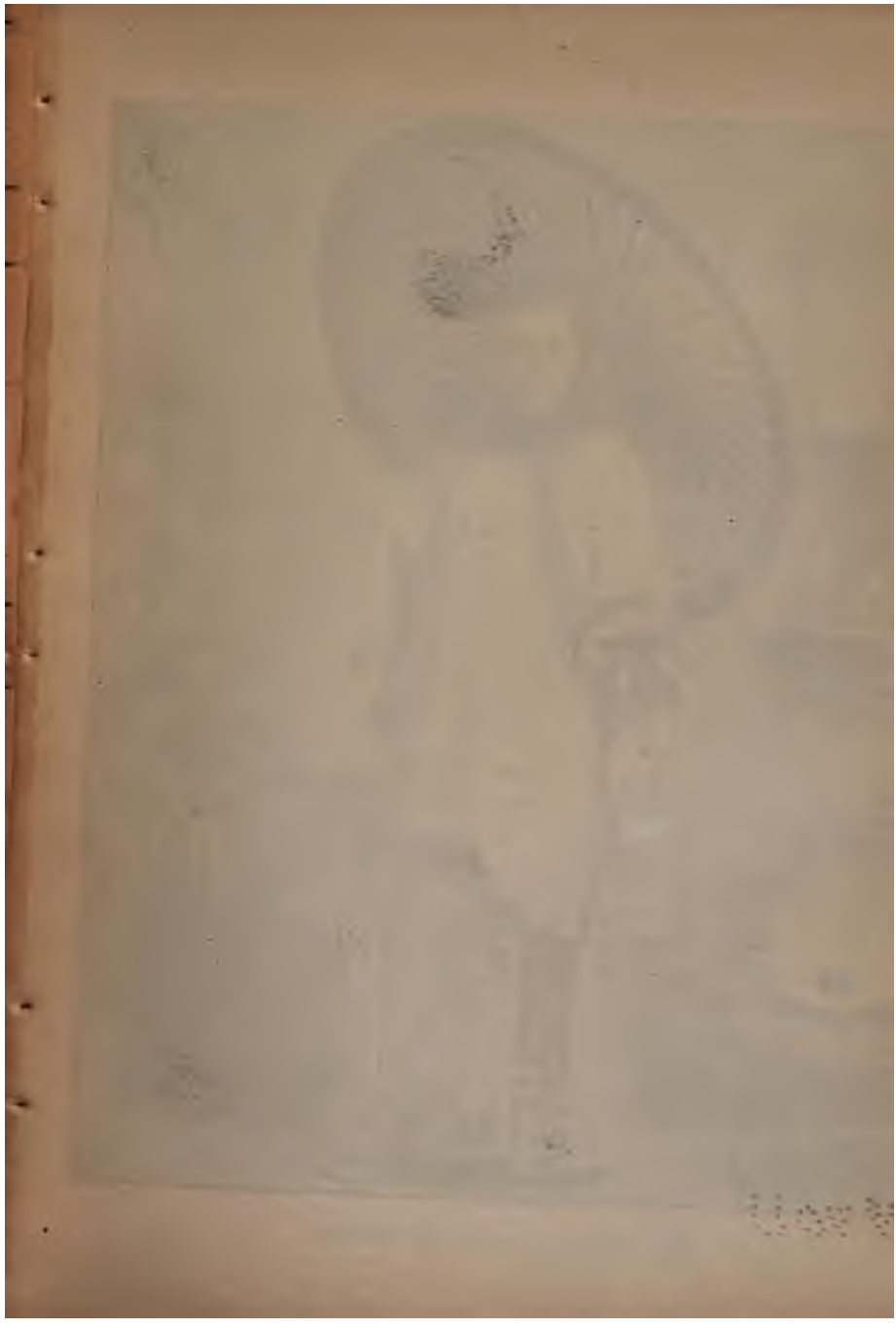
A calm beset us the first night, and taking advantage of the absence of the sun, the men bent to their oars and toiled all through the hours of darkness. Daybreak brought us to the mouth of the river, up which we turned, and encountering the favoring tide, we drifted with little labor to the sailors. The air was laden with a salt sea dampness, which caused every garment to lay hold of the body with a clinging embrace from which it was impossible to free one's self; but as it ever is in life, the eternal law of compensation came into full force, and our thoughts were soon turned to the beauty of the country.

China, in some parts, affords a variety and grandeur of scenery little imagined until the inner regions are penetrated. Along the Foo Chow river, the traveler finds himself amid the boldest, most striking mountain scenery through which any known river sweeps its course; but the Kitie, the stream up which our house-boat slowly sailed, wends its curling way through the lowlands. The banks are dotted with walled villages, and the whole valley, hemmed in by distant mountains, is covered with rice and sugar-cane fields, amid which can be seen the temples, guilds, and pagodas that form the characteristics of this part of the world.

The appearance of a foreigner in one of these inland towns is truly an event. So small a per cent of

the people read or know anything of the outside world that the advent of a white face among them creates wide-spread interest, and not a little confusion. As our boat came to anchor at one of these very ancient "villages," where seventy thousand men and women huddled together within narrow limits shut in by a wall some twenty feet high, no small consternation was created. It was noised about that a foreign boat had anchored without the town. Crowds gathered, but as night was almost upon us we thought to remain on board till morning. The pressing crowd increased in numbers. I looked from my little window, and saw the banks, as far as vision could reach, lined with a curious throng, each individual anxious to catch a glimpse of the foreigners; for, though they had not as yet seen us, the strange appearance of the boat plainly told them who its occupants were.

The Bible-woman thought it would be a good plan if I would simply step out, let the people see me, and give them to understand that my feelings were altogether friendly; for they were beginning to murmur among themselves, and ask what "foreign devils" these might be, and for what purpose they had come to their village. I knew my unusual height (nearly six feet) would lead them to suppose some giant race had invaded their borders. What was I to do? No manner of dress could decrease the two yards of humanity that would confront them. I put on my gloves, to avoid contagion from lepers, took off my sun-bonnet, in which I had traveled, and



Miss Ackermann in Oriental Costume.

with the lady missionary and Bible-woman ventured into the crowd. When the children saw how I loomed above the rest they set up a shout, the men chattered away among themselves, the women came nearer to examine my wearing apparel, and numerous were the questions put to us. The missionary who accompanied me could speak the language, and explained the object of our visit, telling them that we had heard much of them and their country, and had come to see what they were like. They seemed quite satisfied, and we returned to our boats amid many exclamations, such as "How beautiful they are! How deadly white! Where did they come from?" The last words the Bible-woman heard were, "That big one must be a man." The crowd finally disbursed and we were left to the quietude of the night.

With the break of day, crowds again gathered about the boat, and when we started for the city it was with the greatest difficulty that we were able to reach the narrow streets; it was impossible to move in any direction only as we were borne by the crowds. Their curiosity gave vent to the wildest chatter, and their strange, unearthly language, and the constant peering into our faces, occasioned us much discomfort. The Bible-woman, however, assured us again and again that there was no cause for alarm. Many of them had never seen a white woman before, and it was scarcely surprising that we appeared somewhat strange to them. As we were being pushed and crowded through one of the narrow streets, on each side of which, within arm's-reach, were miserable huts

of the lowly, we heard cries and sobs. Stopping in front of the hut whence the sounds proceeded, we made bold to enter, and such a scene of human suffering I have never known. On a miserable bed of straw and rags, in one corner of the room, in a half-sitting, half-reclining position, was a Chinaman of that unfortunate class already referred to—the lepers. He was moaning and sobbing, crying out, "I have had no rice for two days; I am starving." Hundreds had passed his door, and his cry of distress had gone forth for more than a day, but no one had turned aside even to save him from starving. For five years he had been suffering from the malady, and his old mother had plowed in the rice fields to support him. She had watched the ravages of the disease, and had seen him grow worse and worse. First his fingers were eaten away, and there remained nothing but the stumps of his hands, which he held out in a most pitiful appeal. Then the lips, the cheeks, and one ear gave way to the unsatisfied ravages of the plague. The poor mother had looked on until she could no longer endure the sight of his sufferings; so she concluded it would be far better for him if he were dead,—and she left him to perish.

Sick at heart from the distressing scene, we made our way to the great Confucian Temple. The outside of the building bears the appearance of a theater, with cheap-looking, porcelain finish, which in China is considered highly artistic. Instead of a spire, or dome, a collection of hideous nondescript images forms a central piece on the top of the building, and

the eaves are adorned in similar fashion. The whole unsightly mass is dedicated to Confucius. The interior is, if possible, even more unattractive than the outside, though it has been decorated at great expense. The central figure is that of Confucius, enthroned upon a pedestal under a canopy of heavy and costly drapery. The image is clothed in rich apparel, as are also the images of his seventy learned disciples, ranged around the sides of the room to his right and left. In front of the shrine an archway is supported by massive pillars, around which is coiled a mammoth dragon more than ten feet long. In China the dragon is an object to be worshiped, and is viewed with great reverence. It is believed by the masses that their country, which to them is the world, rests on the tail of an enormous dragon, who holds in his power the control of the elements, and digging in the earth to any depth is strictly forbidden. Gold has been found on the surface in a number of places, and it is known that vast coal fields are spread over large sections; also that beds of valuable and useful metals lie hidden in the earth. But the peculiar superstitions of the people forbid the development of these resources. Near the temple great stone tablets have been erected by wealthy admirers of the prophet who gained for himself a hundred million followers. Greater and smaller temples to the various faiths are seen in different parts of the city. The chief characteristic of these edifices is the strange mingling of rare beauty and great ugliness, of rich fabrics and inexpressible filth. Chickens wander at

large in these places of worship, and birds and pigeons often roost upon the grinning idols.

The second temple is a plain, square building without ornament of any kind. Around all sides are placed shelves, after the manner of a bookcase, with sliding glass doors. This is an ancestral hall where the records of the dead are placed by their sorrowing relatives. The virtues of the departed are chiseled on small stones, or written on wooden tablets, which vary in size according to the wealth or position of the family, and are placed on the shelves. Before these the mourning relatives pour out their prayers that the soul may go on its way in peace.

When we left this village to continue our journey inland the whole populace turned out to see us off. Some who felt kindly disposed toward us, (those in whose houses we had rested, and where we had spoken to the women,) came down to the boat to bring us presents of eggs and oranges, and taken altogether, I have seldom had a greater "following" than on this occasion.

CHAPTER III.

FROM SWATOW TO SHANGHAI.

AFTER some time I returned to Swatow to embark for the far North, but not until I had seen something of one of the customs of the country in which I was deeply interested. I was the guest of a missionary whose husband is at the head of a large hospital in which thousands of women are treated every year. It occurred to me that here was the opportunity to see something of the way in which the feet of the women are made small. I was told that the women had the greatest objection to showing their feet, and my friend, who had worked among them eleven years, had never found a woman who was willing to remove the bandages; but, nevertheless, we decided to go through the hospital in search of some woman who would accommodate us in this respect, and fortune favored us. We came to one whose feet had been bound for forty years. She expressed a willingness, if taken to an apartment by herself, to remove the bandages. In a small room, seated on the floor, she unwound the strip of cloth that for years had compressed her feet into the smallest possible size, and revealed a horrid sight. It has been supposed by many that the feet of Chinese

women are made to retain their diminutive proportions by encasing them in wooden or iron shoes; but such means have never been used. The feet are all made small by binding. A child is taken at an early age, and a narrow bandage, about an inch and a half wide and two yards long, is bound about the feet. One end is placed on the instep and brought over all the toes but the great toe; this bandage is drawn with such force that it pulls the toes to the sole of the foot where they finally grow. Viewing the mutilated foot from above no toes can be seen, and even when the sole is examined only the outline can be traced, for they are pressed in even with the sole of the foot. The bandages are never removed except to replace them with clean ones.

I saw a child about ten years old whose parents, requiring her services about the house, had not bound her feet until she had reached the age mentioned. The poor creature could not walk; she was carried about on the shoulders of natives, and in all probability it would be two years before she could bear her weight on her feet. The common women, who hew wood and draw water, or work in the fields, do not have their feet subjected to this treatment. The binding unfits the feet for any kind of service, hence it must be confined to the "better classes." I have seen a full-grown Chinawoman, bedecked in silk and richest satin, unable to walk across the room without the aid of a servant or a staff. Her feet were but three inches long!

It is almost impossible to learn when or how this

custom was introduced; constant inquiry at every reliable source failed to throw light on its origin. In the palace the practice is not carried on. The present ruler, being a descendant of the Tartars, has never allowed this curiously cruel "fashion" to make havoc among the women of his household.

Before leaving Swatow I crossed to the other side of the bay to visit the great Baptist Mission station. We remained longer than we had expected and a night of pitchy blackness overtook us. Our sampan seemed too small to weather a gale should one spring up; so it was decided to send the boatman home, and return in a fisherman's small junk, though even that was considered unsafe. The junk was hailed, and we started across perfectly enveloped in the darkness of the night. It was not more than a fifteen-minute passage to the other side, but instead of rowing, as we supposed the boatman intended to do, he spread his sail when we were part way across, just catching a fierce wind that came sweeping down the bay. This, of course, overturned our craft and threw us into the sea. The Chinese never attempt to save a drowning person; they have some superstition about rescuing people from the water; and for awhile it seemed as though we were destined to perish. Very fortunately, however, a Turkish man-of-war had put into the harbor some time before, and in taking a survey of the bay with its great search-light, saw our overturned junk. The life-boats had been lowered when the vessel anchored; and seeing our distress some Turks sped to the rescue, and we were taken in safety to the

shore. The next morning we sent messages of thanks to the captain, and a copy of the Bible to each of the sailors. In over one hundred and fifty thousand miles of travel this was the only accident that ever befell me at sea.

We had decided to defer our visit to Shanghai until the Decennial Conferences, which were to take place in a short time. A number of missionaries from the south were also to attend, and for the sake of good company I decided to wait and travel with them. At the appointed day about forty, as jolly a crowd as ever traveled under sail, started northward. They represented many lands and every shade of religious belief, but all were bent on having a good time. May morning dawned bright and beautiful. To keep up the old-time custom of choosing and crowning a queen we decided to elect her majesty by popular vote. A tall gentleman traveling with us, who was somewhat shocked at the "unconfined joy" of the missionaries, took it upon himself to maintain the dignity of the party. To encourage him in his praiseworthy motives, and show him how much we appreciated his presence, some of the fun-loving girls proposed that he be the chosen one. The ballots were passed around and he was unanimously elected. In mid-ocean there was little facility for weaving a garland fair for the noble brow of the male queen, but the ready wit of one of the young ladies came to the rescue. Scraps of ribbons were clipped from our garments, the crown was decorated with many colors, and in a fitting speech the dignified gentleman was proclaimed "Queen" of

the May. All on board participated in the spirit of the hour, and when night came we were the better able to sleep for the lively enjoyment of the day.

The steamer was a grand vessel of the French mail line. From the time it started out from the moonlit harbor it never gave a lurch, but for two days plowed nobly through a heavy sea, with the wind blowing a perfect gale. In good time we anchored at the mouth of the Whangpoo river, where we were taken aboard a tender, and two hours later we reached the city. The change from southern to northern China was very great. The ever-blooming bowers, rugged hills, lofty mountains, and trees clothed in perpetual green, were all left behind as we sailed northward.

From the north of the river to the city of Shanghai the country is so thickly populated that it gives the appearance of a continuous city. The river was alive with all sorts of craft, propelled by oars, canvas or steam. From the masts, sails and sides of these vessels floated flags and banners, for this was the Chinese day of days — New Year. It was a pretty sight, as these gayly bedecked boats passed each other beating great gongs, waving flags in salutation and wishing each other good luck for the ensuing year.

The river front of Shanghai, peopled chiefly with foreigners, has been beautified until nothing more could be desired in the way of elegant surroundings. This section of the city has been set aside for the French, English, Americans and Germans, each forming a community of itself, but all living in most friendly relations. The city proper is surrounded by

a parapeted wall forty feet high, and is reached through lofty gateways which at one time could be entered only at certain hours, and then a countersign was required. It is one of the greatest cities in Northern China. On the day of our arrival the streets were in holiday attire, and the people, arrayed in their best clothes, gave themselves up to pleasure and worship. They passed us in swarms, crowding their way to the chief temple to which place we had started. In the temple a lively scene was presented, for many had come to set off fire-crackers, offer sacrifice, or burn incense. There was no special form of worship; everything was confusion. The people appeared to have no reverence for their "house of worship," but entered smoking, laughing and talking; and in the court many different wares were being offered for sale.

In Shanghai still stands a "baby tower," though it is no longer in use, the practice of throwing away female children having somewhat died out. In former times the little girls were often thrown away before the light of day had fallen on them. It was considered the only way to avoid the expense of caring for so worthless a thing as a girl. While it is true that the baby towers along the coast are no longer used, it is a fact that there is still little regard for female life, and the destruction of it is in no way considered a crime. While I was the guest of a missionary whose house stood on the river bank, I went into the garden one morning and saw the forms of two dead children. I revealed my discovery and was surprised to see what

little concern it created. I was told such sights were very common. The children were, doubtless, unwelcome girls who had been thrown from some of the boat-houses into the river, and the rising tide had left them on the bank; they were probably washed into the stream again to be borne by the onsweeping tide to the open sea. No attempt has been made on the part of the authorities to prevent this wholesale murder of children, and the people are destitute of conscience in the matter, regarding it almost a duty to put an end to the life of girls. I saw a woman who had thrown away seven of her girls, and told of it with the utmost indifference.

A kind-hearted Chinese has opened a Foundlings' Home, to which girls may be brought instead of being thrown away. I paid a visit to this institution for the purpose of seeing what care was bestowed on the castaways. The house stood in a public thoroughfare. I entered a large room, without furniture beyond a row of chairs on each side. Before me was a small shrine canopied by heavy tapestry, and between the parted curtains I saw the image of a woman. In her lap and around her feet were a number of children. The old Chinese greeted me with a polite bow, and in answer to my question informed me that the image represented the Goddess of Kindness. The place was by no means an extensive institution, for it was supported at the sole expense of this humane Chinese. Two nurses cared for seventeen little girls who had been brought there instead of being thrown into the tower or the river.

In bringing children to this home no clue to the parent is ever given. A small apartment facing the street is fitted up as a sleeping room for one of the nurses. In this room a drawer is so arranged that it can be pulled out towards the street, and in this drawer is a soft bed for the little stranger. When the child is placed in the drawer it is pushed into the room, and in sliding back a spring is pressed which rings a bell near the head of the nurse, who gathers in the little waif and it becomes one of the general household. The children are cared for until they can walk or talk. If no one comes to adopt them, a thing rarely done, they are sent to the Buddhist school to be trained for nuns, many of whom are found in these parts.

The life of a nun in China is very similar to that of a nun of the Catholic church. Her life is devoted wholly to helping those about her. The nuns are in appearance very unlike the other women of China, so unlike that they are instantly recognized by their costume. It is a very unexpected thing to see a class of women who have adopted a uniform. The costume of the country has been handed down from all the centuries. It is a strange fact that four thousand years ago women walked the streets in the same cut of dress and with the same peculiar twist of the hair that characterizes the women of China to-day. But these devoted women who have set aside their lives to religious duties, have proclaimed it to the world, not by long prayers in the market-places but by sober face and somber garb. The first nun I saw was in

Shanghai. Her long tunic was of a peculiar gray color, more drab than gray; about her head was twisted some of the same material in the form of a turban; her hair was closely shaven, and her copper-colored head was partly exposed at the crown. Many of the women who belong to this faith are devoting their lives to the training of castaway girls, most of whom finally become nuns.

CHAPTER IV.

A MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.—AN OPIUM PALACE.

THE great excitement in Shanghai at this time was the coming together of missionaries, from all parts of the empire, who are wont to thus assemble to discuss ways and means and general methods of work. They came five hundred strong, and as some of them were from the very heart of China,—so vast in area, so swarming with human life, so immersed in darkness,—they came breathing the needs of the nation upon the very air that it might be wafted to the lands beyond, and a Macedonian cry fall upon the ears of those in distant countries. Some of these good people had traveled three months, either by cart or mule back, to reach the convention. One missionary walked hundreds of miles, preaching the gospel all the way, and reached the city in an almost dying condition. "But," said he, "I preached a sermon nearly a thousand miles long." The workers of the China Inland Mission came in native dress, which costume they adopt before going into the interior, regarding it as a means of protection. The garments were not unbecoming to some of the sweet-faced girls, but it required a great amount of good looks to offset the rigid severity of the dress.

The men—well, it was positively funny to see them! When the first one was ushered into my presence it was with great effort that I suppressed a smile. This auburn-tressed son of England had adopted the dress of a better class. The amusing feature of his make-up was a braid of red hair more than a yard long, which hung over a bright red tunic, and by contrast, showed to great advantage. His head was shaven close over the crown, and the small cap afforded no protection from the sun, which had bronzed his face almost to the shade of a Chinese. The loose trousers were bound about the ankles, and his feet were thrust into a pair of cloth shoes with cork soles nearly an inch thick. This was the general appearance of all the missionaries belonging to the Inland Mission.

The conference was full of interest, and only one incident turned our thoughts from the duties of the hour. It had occurred to an enterprising photographer that it would be some time before so good-looking a company would again be found together. This was the moment to give to the world the faces of those who were engaged in the worthy enterprise of spreading the gospel through China. Accordingly he sent his card to the conference with the modest request that they "adjourn to be photographed." The resolution was put to the meeting, the natural vanity of human nature prevailed, and the duties of the hour were deferred for a time. The spot selected for the photographic "ordeal" was a vacant lot where a fine clump of bamboos would form a "background"; and a staging, of amphitheater form, twenty feet high,

was erected, with seats from top to bottom. On this staging we were all to arrange ourselves in striking attitudes. Hudson Taylor, of the C. I. M., and his missionaries, in native dress, were seated on the top row; and others grouped themselves below, friends with friends, and prepared to look their sweetest. While the seating was going on a German missionary made his way towards a young lady to whom he had been paying special attention, and as he carelessly threw himself on the seat upon which her feet were resting, he looked up languishingly into her face and said, "I would so like to sit at the feet of Gamaliel." On a box in front of us stood the artist giving directions for the arrangement of dress and attitude. When we were all grouped into the artistic picture he was anxious to hand down to posterity, he said, "Now, every one look pleasant; every one smile,"—and behold! just as our faces were wreathed in our most bewitching smiles, a sudden collapse of the staging brought us all to the ground.

I fell upon the "languishing German," and seeing the blood pour from his nose I asked if he were killed: his reply assured me that he was very much alive. Sandwiched in between several tiers of fellow-sufferers, four or five beneath me, and two or three above, the only movable portion of my body was my head; this I turned in all directions to grasp the situation. In thus surveying the *fallen mass* I saw one man in a plight at which I heartlessly laughed outright. This same man was noted for his excessive politeness. He had evidently been thrown from a high seat, and the

distance had added momentum to his fall; for on reaching the ground he had landed on his back just beyond where I was pinned in by a wriggling mass above and a squirming mass beneath. Two or three men in their hasty descent had fallen over this good brother, and his head was the only portion of his body in sight. Lifting it slightly from the ground he took a calm survey of the scene, and then, with the Chesterfieldian politeness that never for a moment forsook him, he asked, "Gentlemen, may I trouble you to move a little, please?"

The natives rushed into the inclosure from the streets and made frantic attempts to rescue the women. In their efforts to render service they almost disjointed some of us. A Chinaman would take hold of a woman by the arm, and pull away with seven-horse-power to drag her out of the human débris, and as she was thus violently withdrawn it was with sad parting from some of her raiment, making it necessary to beat a hasty retreat. Some of the ladies fainted, and were carried into a house facing the inclosure. In trying to minister to these I lost sight of the rescue work, and when my attention was again directed there, it was to behold an indescribable scene never to be forgotten. All had recovered their footing in a more or less dilapidated condition—hats gone, dresses and coats torn, and umbrellas broken, to say nothing of physical damage sustained. When it was learned that all had escaped death some of the rescued began to sing the doxology. It was then that the photographer should have been on hand to take a

picture, the like of which I never expect to see again. This concluded my "down-sittings" and my "uprisings" with that conference.

In traveling through China it soon becomes apparent that contact with the western world has introduced habits that are anything but elevating to the people. It is a fact that western civilization without the subduing effects of Christianity is the worst-known civilization. It is another fact that the people of the East have fallen into the way of our vices while our virtues have made no impression on them. Hence, I should say that they have in no way been improved by forming treaties with other powers. These facts are so evident that any ordinary traveler must be impressed by them, especially if he note how the people have become demoralized by opium introduced by a western and so-called Christian country. One of the "sights" of Shanghai is the great opium palace where the Chinese are debauched by thousands.

In company with several others I made the rounds of the principal opium "joints," that is to say the largest places, for a visit to more than a small number of them would be quite impossible in one evening — the dens of this one city alone numbering two thousand. The first place we visited was a large structure three stories high, the whole of which was given up to opium smoking, as many as two thousand indulging every night. We reached the "palace" about midnight, when the greatest number were coming and going, and the place was fairly teeming with

smokers. The crowds passed us up and down, pushing us to right and left, making it anything but an easy task to reach the upper part of the building. The first floor was one large room divided into stalls. The partitions extended but part way to the ceiling, and archways served as doors. In each stall was room for eight smokers. The only furnishings of these small apartments were divans along the side; these were three feet from the floor, and about four feet wide. The smokers were in a reclining position facing each other, and between every couple burned a lamp, over which the opium was cooked. Here we saw men in all degrees of intoxication. Some were taking their first pipe, paying special attention to the business in hand; others had taken just enough to make them happy or silly. One would look up with an idiotic grin, muttering something in an undertone, and puffing away at his pipe; another would lie in a stupor, wholly unconscious of what was going on, from which he would awake after a time and call for more opium. The air was black and heavy with smoke and the fumes of the drug. As we went from stall to stall we were obliged to fan away the clouds of smoke before we could see what was going on. On each floor the rich and poor, the high and low, through the fascination for this drug, met on the same footing.

After having visited the dens a few times it was an easy matter to tell who smoked and who did not, so decided are the traces of this drug on all who indulge. Some of the poor wretches seemed to be on the verge

of the grave, they were so wasted in form. Their skin was drawn over their bones and their sunken eyes and strange color told only too plainly of the grim monster that was on their track. In several stalls (though I was told it was not a common sight), I saw mothers smoking, with their babes propped up at their sides, and I have seen little children not more than three or four years of age quite stupid from the effects of the drug. The habit fastens itself upon the helpless victim and he is powerless under it. In one wretched hovel we entered, a dying man was calling for his pipe, which he had not had for a day or two, and his pleading was something awful to hear. At last the medical missionary who was attending him said, "He cannot live anyway, and if it will comfort him any in his last hour, let him have it." It is estimated that there are two hundred millions of smokers in China.

Leaving the ports of China and going inland the mode of travel becomes more difficult. Horses and mules are not common. In many places there are no roads, and the use of carts is impossible. The natives have therefore devised a means of locomotion, unknown in other parts, which seems to them to be a very acceptable way for getting about; but I found it much more fatiguing than any of the other means of travel I had tried. The vehicle referred to is a wheelbarrow. It is somewhat different in construction from that in common use among us, but it is propelled in like fashion. The wheel is much larger, and comes up through the center, with room for a

seat on each side. One is intended for the baggage and the other for the traveler. When I first started out in this strange conveyance there were several things about it that I did not quite understand. In the first place the baggage must balance the rider. I did not know this, and began my journey in a somewhat lop-sided condition. I soon found a missionary going in my direction, and I invited her to a seat in my wheelbarrow. With this young woman and my baggage on one side, and myself on the other, we were properly balanced. The coolie put a heavy strap around his shoulders and fastened the ends to the handles of the wheelbarrow, pushing us with all his might. We made very slow progress, and found it a most fatiguing way of travel. Seated on one limb, and with one foot dangling in a rope stirrup, the position soon became very tiring. I suggested to the missionary that perhaps we would walk awhile and rest ourselves. It would have been well had I learned all about this mode of conveyance before I started, as an untold amount of discomfort would have been avoided. In getting off the wheelbarrow the travelers must step to the ground at the same time. I did not know this, and at my suggestion to walk and rest awhile my companion lightly jumped from her seat to the ground, my weight threw the wheelbarrow out of balance, and I was left by the wayside. I rose from the dust, shook myself, and resolved that at the nearest village I would forever abandon the wheelbarrow, and find some other means of transit—or walk the rest of the distance.

SIAM.

CHAPTER I.

A RIOT AT SEA.—ARRIVAL AT BANGKOK.

AMONG the accessible countries of the Orient, Siam is less frequented than any of the lands having a coast-line; possibly because it lies just to one side of the usual course of travel, and the vessels running to Bangkok are not the most comfortable in the world. There is no direct communication between Hong-Kong and Siam; the steamers are cargo and coolie boats, and anyone wishing to make the trip must be prepared to forego many of the comforts and delights of a large "liner," and resign himself to be carried twenty-four hundred miles by sea when the real distance should be nine hundred.

At Hong-Kong I boarded a small steamer at midnight, and was at once shown by a Chinese steward to my cabin. We sailed out of the smooth waters of the bay into the ever-restless China Sea, through which I had already passed, and of which I still retained most lively recollections. Because of the on-coming storm I remained in my cabin for three days, seeing no one but the pig-tailed celestial who, in reply to my question as to the whereabouts of the

stewardess, blandly informed me that he was "the stewardess." Three days later, when I was able to get on deck, I encountered the captain for the first time, and to my astonishment found that I was the only white passenger; indeed, the captain, four officers and myself were the only white persons on board. The ship was manned by Malays, Javanese and Cingalese, and was "loaded" with thirteen hundred Chinese coolies, who were being taken to Singapore and Bangkok. In this strange company I was to spend thirteen days. The captain was very kind. When he learned that I was a poor sailor he took other quarters for himself, and had his large, airy cabin made ready for me, which added greatly to my comfort.

The class of Chinese who leave their own country are usually the very lowest, and this cargo of human freight was no exception. To add to their general unattractiveness many of them were afflicted with sore eyes and skin diseases. A portion of the ship was curtained off with heavy canvas, and here the coolies were packed in like so many sheep. They slept on deck on a piece of matting and the usual Chinese pillow, which is made either of crockery or wood. During the day their chief occupation was gambling, and their continuous chatter could be heard through the entire night. Gambling and opium-smoking are forbidden on shipboard, yet it was evident that these rules were not enforced on this boat, for both were engaged in, frequently with unhappy results.

One day, toward evening, I sat in the saloon pon-

dering, weak and weary, over a rusty volume of forgotten lore—for I was wont, on this long trip, to study up ancient history. While I was thus engaged, I heard an unusual sound. Stepping to the door to see what it might mean I encountered the captain, apparently greatly alarmed, for he was ashy pale. Before I had time to speak, he took me by the shoulders, turned me about, pushed me into the cabin, and locked the door. It was all done in a moment, and no word of explanation was uttered by the greatly excited captain; I was simply locked up, very much as a little child might be for punishment. Truth to tell, I was so indignant at the captain for this school-girl-like treatment that I almost forgot to be afraid of what next happened. The noise increased. I heard the captain order out the guns and swords. A great rush was made to the room next to the one in which I was incarcerated, and I could hear the general hauling down of implements of warfare, though with no idea of the cause. Before my mind passed a truly awful panorama—for I thought of pirates, who so often frequent that sea, and feared that if I escaped with my life at all, it would be to wade ankle-deep through human blood. These thoughts were banished only to give room to the idea that it might be mutiny, for I knew there was little love lost between the captain and his crew. For two hours the awful suspense lasted. One can live almost a life-time in two hours such as those. When at last the captain opened the door, and I learned that the cause of the commotion was only a riot, and I had been locked up for fear I

would faint away, my indignation knew no bounds. It seemed that the gamblers fell into a dispute over the game, and a quarrel ensued, during which one of the men was picked up and thrown over the rail into the sea. The vessel was stopped, and an attempt made to rescue the drowning man, but without success. The captain could not speak a word of Chinese, and the only way in which he could maintain order was to bring forth the guns and threaten the coolies with instant death. Before we reached our destination a second riot occurred, and twenty men were taken into port prisoners in chains.

Thirteen days—the most wretched and uncomfortable in my life—brought us to the mouth of the river, where we anchored to await a favoring tide. The great waves were left behind, and the salt sea-breeze gave place to a languid air which lulled us into soft repose, a state easily reached in that country. On each side the banks were fringed with tropical vegetation, and in the distance we could see the tall cocoa and betelnut trees lift their plumed heads like a row of knights. A delightful sail of twenty miles up this river brought us to the city of Bangkok, the capital of Siam.

Arrangements had been made that my first view of the city should be from the top of a great pagoda. We steamed off in a little launch and made our way to Wat Sei Kati. Wat designates the inclosure around a temple; it contains not only the temple, but pagodas, shrines, pavilions, preaching-houses, and many "rest-houses" for the priests. These Wats are

most extensive, and sometimes include numbers of acres. This particular Wat contains one hundred and fifty acres.

The pagoda for the top of which we had started was built of red brick, with a base about one thousand feet in circumference. This was irregular in construction and had many niches in the wall, showing where Time, the fell destroyer, had left his mark. The storms of a century had washed the mortar from between some of the bricks: others had been displaced, and in the cavities thus made seeds had been lodged by birds or the passing wind. The mist, dew and sunshine had warmed all into life. Creepers, ferns, and many forms of vegetation so luxuriant in that country had twined themselves into a confused jumble, giving the whole base a ruinous appearance. The entire structure was about three hundred feet high, capped by a tall spire extending from the top of a bell-shaped dome.

Up rickety old stairs, through weeds and grasses, we made our way, ascending a flight of many hundred steps, winding around spiral fashion, until we reached the dome, which formed a shrine for a small image of the Buddha. It was evident someone had just preceded us, for an offering of flowers and burning incense lay before the god. The ceiling of the dome was covered with heavy mildew, and in the dampness and darkness scores of bats had sought refuge.

This lofty point affords a fine view of the city and its strange surroundings, the like of which is not

seen in any other part of the Orient. The most striking feature is the long river which forms the chief thoroughfare. Upon this floats almost every kind of craft that can be thought of, the most conspicuous being his majesty's war-vessels anchored near the landing. Tiny skiffs—hardly large enough to hold a good-sized dog—hewn out of small trees from the the jungle, float among the curtained, canvased, and gilded barges of the nobles. All conditions and classes ply their boats in endless activity, day and night, over the smooth surface of the water. On the bosom of this river is carried on all the trade and traffic of the vast city, equal in size to any in the world. At a central point, very early in the morning, the natives gather at the water market with their boats, laden almost to sinking with rice, vegetables and fish, all of which must be sold before the sun is high in the heavens. It is a wonderful sight, though somewhat confusing. Old women, wrinkled and worn and scantily clad, cry out their wares in sharp and shrill tones, while small children, both boys and girls, try to outcry them. The noise and bustle continue for some hours, when the venders return to their place of rest for food and a midday nap; there they remain until the sun disappears behind the towering cocoanut and betel trees.

Unlike the Chinese, these people live in boat houses instead of house-boats. The houses are regularly constructed with apartments and living conveniences, and a boat bottom made of rafters. Heavy posts are driven into the bed of the river, along each

bank, to which the houses are made fast either by ropes or chains. In going up or down the river it is a common sight to see a private house or a shop floating with the tide, looking for a better business place, or, perhaps, more congenial neighbors. Thus, thousands and thousands live, floating and drifting their time and lives away. From the river, in all directions, are water-courses, used as streets, forming a perfect network of canals through the entire city.

The foreign population live on the land, but because of these waterways it is necessary to travel in house-boats. In the center of a small skiff a shelter is built for protection from the sun, which often proves fatal to the careless. In this small space business men are rowed to and from their offices. Usually, six oarsmen are required, four at the oars and a relay of two. This mode of travel is most trying to one accustomed to rapid transit; and in getting to and from places much time is lost that might be otherwise utilized with profit.

CHAPTER II.

PRIESTS AND PEOPLE.

THE greater part of the habitations of Bangkok are found upon the river. The dwellings on the land help to make up the variety in that far-away place. The drive on the mainland is known as the King's Road, in which I saw different but not greater sights than those along the river. The street scenes are a moving, ever-changing panorama. As we drove along, there trooped past me women and children of many shades and nationalities. I was told that no less than fifteen nationalities passed us, all dark-skinned. Of these, standing out most conspicuous, was a class of men seen in different attire in all parts of Asia—the ever-present Buddhist priest. In Siam they are more noticeable because of their peculiar dress, which is a very bright yellow. The garment hangs in graceful folds about the body, one shoulder being exposed, while over the other is thrown a long narrow strip of silk the color of the robe.

Hundreds of these priests are seen daily in the streets. The religion of the country requires each man to enter the priesthood for three years of his life, during which time he must withdraw from his family, and live in the temple grounds. The priests are sup-

ported by alms from the common people,—and in Bangkok alone, thirty thousand able-bodied men are thus maintained in indolence. They are required to beg their food each day, gathering only a sufficient amount for two meals, which they are supposed to take in the twenty-four hours. Because of the severe heat, all classes bestir themselves while we are still wont to slumber. As soon as the gray dawn streaks the morning sky, the first thing to meet the eye is the begging priest, with his yellow robes flowing in the breeze. With a large brown bowl under his arm, he goes from house to house where the morning meal is being prepared, and begs a spoonful of rice from each cooking-pot. When his bowl is filled, he returns to the temple grounds, where most of the day is spent in reading and prayer.

In my wanderings I came across numbers of them reading from their sacred books, a copy of which I very much desired. I asked my guide to try to buy one, but the devout priest told him he dared not sell it, though if I would put the silver down he would go away while I took the volume. His conscience being thus easily satisfied, I became the possessor of one of these books, which is a great curiosity. The letters are scratched by some sharp-pointed instrument on long polished strips from the fan palm-tree. When these artistic characters have been formed, the leaf is rubbed with a black preparation to bring out the letters. The strips are then placed one upon the other in the order of reading, and the whole is bound together with a silk cord.

Besides the groups of priests hurrying by, could be seen great numbers of Chinese. In this warm climate, if possible more enervating than that of their own country, they have adopted the Siamese fashion of dispensing, practically, with clothing. One of the most embarrassing situations to a stranger is to encounter these people in their scanty apparel—an apology only for clothes. The heat is so intense that a thin cotton garment becomes a burden hardly to be borne; and even thus clad the coolies are in a perpetual state of perspiration, which oozes from every pore of their bodies.

The natives are low of stature, dark-skinned, with short, black hair, worn in the same fashion by men and women alike, brushed straight from their foreheads. They have large, bright eyes that might in anger emit sparks, and sometimes flash to no good purpose. These people would be called fairly good-looking but for their filthy habit of chewing betel. I know of no natives in the world who have not formed some unnatural habit, either of chewing or taking stimulants. Tobacco, opium, betelnut, strong drink, or some equivalent, are used by all conditions of humanity, each bringing physical weakness and moral degradation. The Siamese is a slave to the betelnut, which grows on a tall tree very much like the cocoanut palm in appearance, though in girth much less. There is the same clustering of leaves at the top, among which the nuts grow in a large bunch like bananas. They are about the size of an English walnut, and are gathered while still immature.

When mixed with other ingredients and spread on a green leaf they are taken to the market-place for sale. It is safe to say everybody, from the king down, chews the betelnut. It is impossible to disguise the fact, for by its use the lips and teeth become so discolored that these otherwise passably good-looking people are rendered disgusting in appearance. The lips become brown and swollen, and the teeth perfectly black and covered with a thick coating.

The men and women dress much alike, and two garments are the extent of their limited wardrobe; for the common people possess no more than the clothes they have on. These garments are simply two straight pieces of cloth woven in the dimensions in which they are worn. The first is about a yard and a quarter wide and three yards long. This is wound about the body and brought up between the thighs, and forms a substitute for trousers. It is adjusted without either hooks, buttons, pins, or fastenings of any kind; a peculiar twist, that no one seems able to imitate, prevents it from falling off. This "garment" is worn day and night. Another strip forms the cover for the upper part of the body. It is brought across the back under the arms to the front, and there tied or twisted. This leaves the arms and shoulders entirely exposed. When the heat of the country is taken into consideration, this simplicity of dress is to be envied. I groaned beneath a burden of clothes known only in civilized lands, and found life and clothes alike a torment. But these simple chil-

dren of nature were so clad that they experienced no discomfort even in the hottest sun.

The women are in the most enslaved condition of any women in the world. They have neither legal nor social status, and not one of them could own a paper of pins in her own right. Every woman is branded on the wrist to show to which branch of the imperial family she belongs; and if a man becomes involved in debt, he pawns his wife to pay the bill. She enters service and works until the amount is paid, then goes home to him again.

CHAPTER III.

THE SLEEPING BUDDHA.

MOST Siamese, including the king, are Buddhists, and their idols are set up in the most artistic temples of Asia. The architecture belongs entirely to this country. The buildings are high, with arched and curved roofs of fantastic design. The roof is formed of three rows of eaves, extending one below the other. These are finished with highly colored porcelain, cut in various shapes, and at the edge rows of small bells, said to be of gold, are placed a few feet apart. These are so light that the wind sets them tinkling, and a sweet ripple of music is borne out on the breeze that can be heard for some distance.

In one of these buildings sleeps in endless repose the great Buddha, the largest idol in the world. The temple itself is a splendid structure, the most beautiful of all the two hundred in Bangkok. The high tiled roof comes to an abrupt point, and from each side extends the square finishings. The sides are gilded and inlaid with cut glass of various colors, in the shape of diamonds, presenting a gorgeous appearance where the roof peeps out from among the feathery foliage. In different parts of the interior stand life-sized images with one hand placed over the

The Sleeping Buddha, Siam.

breast and the other raised, as if in solemn warning to the passer-by. The central figure in the temple is the great sleeping idol. Its position is recumbent, the head resting upon one hand. The idol extends almost the whole length of the temple. It is built of masonry, covered with gold leaf, and is one hundred and forty feet long, and forty feet through the thickest part of the body. Its feet are five yards long, and its toes one yard. On its toe-nails are inscribed the virtues of Buddha, ten in number. The soles are inlaid with designs in mother-of-pearl, beaten bronze and chased gold, which represent the various transmigrations of Buddha.

At the time of my visit the place presented a somewhat weird scene. The temple is closed at night by great wooden shutters put up at the long windows. Toward evening, just as the last rays of the setting sun lingered on the roof-spires and hilltops, I entered the temple, which was somewhat darkened by the partly closed shutters. Going around to the front of the idol, I saw a woman and child burning a small taper before this huge image. It was indeed a strange scene: the great idol lying in endless rest; the dimly burning taper; the day, slowly dying from the heavens, casting its last fading light on this hideous monster, and touching it with a softness that would feign have warmed it into something better.

My guide, standing near one of the great pillars, knocked softly upon it with his cane, and from the dome flew hundreds of bats that had sought shelter in the darkness. What a picture! The bats, with

rustling wings, making the unearthly sound that nothing but these creatures know how to make; the faint light of the incense; and the glow of the sinking sun falling upon the kneeling mother and child, and casting their shadows upon the painted idol—a scene most pathetic. The mother took the small hands of the child — a sweet-looking, innocent little creature — placed their palms together, and brought them to the floor; then for a moment rested the child's head upon them, teaching it a prayer to the idol.

The Siamese seem to be a very intelligent people, but their form of worship is anything but in keeping with even an ordinary degree of intellect. One can easily understand how minds, darkened by superstition, can "imagine vain things" and worship spirits, or how the splendor and majesty of the rising and setting sun can attract devotion; but to see rational beings prostrate themselves before piles of wood or stone, no matter how thickly gilded or richly attired, expecting by heart-cries and protests to be delivered from disaster, passes all comprehension. These people believe in the transmigration of the soul; having lived once on earth, they expect to live again as a chicken, cow, bird or insect, in a higher or lower state of being, according to the merit they have made during their life. Their whole religion is a system of merit-making. The distress of an animal moves them to hasty action for its relief; not that they are touched by its suffering, but because the opportunity is presented for making merit.

I was once crossing the river in a small boat in which some chickens were being taken over. The heat was great, and beat down upon the poor things until they began to pant. The boatman could not leave his oars, but he said to a companion, "Give the chickens some water and make some merit for me." No pity for the poor, thirsty fowl—only anxiety to benefit himself. It is because of their belief in transmigration that these people refrain from eating flesh in any form. In taking the life of a chicken or other animal they would stand in fear of having killed their grandmother or some other worthy ancestor.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LORD OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

THE ruler of Siam, Prow Chula Chum Clow by name, is a most intelligent man who speaks three different languages and has quite a knowledge of the outside world. The present king is the first ruler who ever left his domain. Some time ago he paid a visit to Singapore, and the citizens of that town erected a statue of an elephant in the public square in commemoration of his visit. The king is more progressive than the previous rulers, but he is slow to bring changes to his people or adopt new methods. With few exceptions the same usages prevail that have been handed down through the centuries. Some small changes have been made, but nothing that indicates a spirit of real progress. It has ever been an unwritten law that the royal family must marry royalty. As they have been largely shut up to themselves, and have had, practically, no dealings with the outside world, the lack of opportunity has prevented them from intermarrying in the royalty of surrounding countries, after the European fashion. Because of this the king's choice in marriage is limited to a selection from his own family. The late king, like the present one, had many wives and children; from the children of his father the present king

The Garden of the Palace, Siam.

chose his wife. They are half-brother and sister, both children of the late ruler by different wives. The recognized royal children are those of the queen only, who occupies the palace with the king. These children are five in number, and the oldest has been proclaimed heir-apparent. Besides these the king is the happy father of forty other children. In his harem it is said there are fifteen hundred women who are all of more or less noble birth, for only the noble may venture to send their daughters to the king. The highest possible honor that can be bestowed upon a man is the addition of his sweet young daughter to the hundreds of women who live within the palace grounds.

The king lives in great state in a very large palace. The building is of white stone, two or three stories high, and of modern architecture. The great steps are guarded by two immense elephants, built of brick and mortar and covered with gold leaf. When the king leaves the palace he is accompanied by all the pomp usual among more enlightened rulers. His stables are the finest in Asia. He scorns the little Indian pony, and his horses are brought from the country that produces the king of horse-flesh—Australia. His charger is black as coal, with fiery eyes, and is an "up-to-date" high-stepper. Besides this fine array of some hundreds of thoroughbred horses, the king dotes on his three white elephants. These are seldom used; they are regarded as sacred. The elephants are carefully cared for by attendants, and quarters have been built for their special comfort, each

having a large, airy room. In the center of the room a heavy pillar is decorated with a canopy of showy drapery, under which the vicious creature paws, aims ineffective blows at his innocent keeper, and otherwise displays to the looker-on his appreciation of the care bestowed upon him.

The day was appointed on which I was to feast my eyes upon the visage of a real live king. I had little fear, for I had passed through a similar experience, and had come off with my life. It is the custom to appear before his majesty in full dress; that is, in some kind of light dress, with gloves, etc. I was traveling at the time with no other baggage than a valise, in which limited space I could not stow away a whole dry-goods store; so in matters of dress I had really small choice. The garment settled upon was dragged forth into the sunlight for an airing, and next day I was on my way to the palace. A long row in a small boat on a sweltering day, with my clothes clinging closer than glue, and my front hair drooping—in fact, almost dripping—were the penalties of going to see the king.

I reached the outer walls of the grounds, where two noblemen met me and escorted me to the corridor of the palace. There I met the high and mighty of the land, waiting to perform the arduous task of presenting me to the king. A number of foreign representatives were expecting to be received, and these were also present in the elegant corridor, where we were served with refreshments while waiting. Presently a message came from the king, through the

prince, his eldest brother, that his majesty was prepared to receive me. The prince was to escort me to the audience-room and present me. He offered his arm and conducted me to a long hall, on each side of which stood armed soldiers; this led to the private audience-room of the king. Great bronzed doors opened as we approached, and when I entered the king walked half way across the room to greet me, which was really done in a most democratic way; he then motioned me to a seat near by.

The king speaks English, but never to a foreigner in the palace. I, of course, spoke my own language, which he understood perfectly, though he carried his part of the conversation in Siamese, and his older brother interpreted. He was thoroughly informed on the latest phases of the woman question, and seemed to know of all the efforts that were being put forth by them for their own elevation and the betterment of the world. When I spoke to him of the education of his own women, many of whom had never attended school, he was of the opinion that the time had not yet come for general education among the Siamese. His argument was clever, considered *ex parte*. He first touched upon a thought that has awakened wide-spread interest in connection with the higher education of women; namely, will it unfit them for the peculiar conditions that surround them? In speaking of this the king said: "With education there always comes culture and refinement. The people of this country are very poor. If they become cultured and refined, they will naturally want things

about them more beautiful than those they have been accustomed to, and this education will bring with it a spirit of discontent."

There may be something in the king's argument, but I am of the opinion that he is fully aware of one fact: If the women of Siam ever become educated he can never build walls high enough to keep fifteen hundred women in his harem.

After an hour of pleasant conversation, during which I gathered his majesty's ideas on many local and foreign subjects, I left the palace with a guide who was under instructions to show me around the building and grounds.

JAVA AND BURMAH.

CHAPTER I.

THE GRAND TEMPLE OF JAVA.

AT THE present rate of "globe trotting" the press of time is so great that very few find leisure to depart from the beaten paths of travel, and consequently some of the places of greatest interest are missed; but when one starts with six, seven or more years before him, many byways and side-tracks lead the pilgrim to spots almost unknown. Among these, is the island of Java, and it is well worth the traveler's while to spend an extra month, if need be, to reach the center of that country and see what should be classed among the wonders of the world.

Were Java under the rule of any but the sleepy Hollanders—who are still more sleepy for their sojourn there—the center of the island would long ago have been made more accessible, and the people brought in closer contact with the outside world. But when Holland, after the manner of other countries, took unto herself this land, pensioned the rulers, set aside all native rights, and appropriated

the labor of the natives to cultivate and make rich the soil, she lost sight of all things save the enrichment of her treasury, and the bestowal of "fat offices" upon a few favored individuals.

In the way of vegetation Java contains all that we imagine as belonging to Eden—palms of all kinds, breadfruit, cocoanut, and scores of other tropical trees, as well as spice-plants and fruits, and a general growth more luxuriant of foliage and graceful of form than that found anywhere in the western world. These trees form the home of birds of gorgeous plumage, and fireflies and insects that look like flying gems as they move about in their glory of color. I saw there more than the poet has dreamed of, or painter ever depicted, for nature far outrivals the skill of man. On one side I caught glimpses of pretty little valleys clothed in eternal summer; on the other, lofty mountain peaks crowned with fleecy clouds.

At the Batavia postoffice I read in English, "The grand temple in the interior of Java, that for architectural design, decorations, carvings and finish is worthy of Greece itself, testifies to a cultivation of the natives that has long since died out." It did not take me long to make up my mind to make the trip to the interior, not only that I might gaze upon this triumph of architectural skill, but that I might also see the ruins to be passed on the way.

In looking upon the ruins time has wrought, it seems wonderful how nature reclaims and draws again within the earth all that has been taken out

A Javanese Home.

of it. Seeds are dropped by birds, or blown by the wind between the joints of stone; moistened by the rains and fed by the dust, they germinate, spread their roots, force even the mighty stones asunder and throw them to the ground whence they were dug. Everywhere in Java the destroying vegetation is throwing down, feeding upon and covering up ruins that, for want of a little care, will soon be lost to sight.

The journey to the temple is two hundred miles by slow rail, with all the annoyances experienced in that hot clime,—dust flying, perspiration oozing from every pore in the body, and clothes a burden almost unendurable. The two hundred miles covered, the really difficult part of the journey began by stage. The six little horses were changed every few miles, and even then I felt that a humane society should have had charge of the whole party; but we rode, struggled and walked until we reached our journey's end, where I sat down to refresh myself on the cocoanuts brought by one of the coolies. If the distance had been twice as long, and the difficulties even more numerous, I would have felt that the stupendous sight before me was sufficient requital for all the discomfort. The legend given by the natives describes the temple and its construction better than I could bring it before the reader.

Two thousand years ago, the natives decided to erect a great temple worthy of their country and religion. A site was first selected in the interior of the island, on a gently sloping hill, where a structure that

would abide all time should stand. A plan was then called for, and the scores submitted must have outnumbered the glory-seeking aspirants to honor who would have figured in architectural fame at the World's Fair. In that country where the common people have no political rights, but where the high places are held by right of birth, it is a strange thing that the plan of this temple should have been submitted to a popular vote, and thus decided. The sound of chisel or hammer was not to be heard on the temple. Every stone was finished at the quarry, and the whole was to be placed without mortar or cement. Masons, builders, sculptors, and workmen of all kinds engaged in the great work, and for many years thousands labored from sunrise until sunset. One massive stone after another was dug from the quarry, and under the skillful hand of the sculptor was converted into a thing of beauty, and sent to fill its place in the pile that was to form the temple. The time came when the last figure stood out in all its beauty upon the last block; the cap-stone had been polished with care, and all was in readiness to pile the stones one upon another, a task which was to be completed in three days. One hundred thousand workmen came from all parts of the island, ready to complete the work; a national holiday was proclaimed, and two million pilgrims came to see the structure reared.

I stood on a great knoll, and as I viewed the landscape on all sides, the scenes of that distant time came clearly before me. For three days rose this temple of Boer Buddha, without the sound of ham-

Javanese Child.

Javanese Fruit Woman.

M 1901

mer—as mute as are the workings of nature. The majestic pile rose in all its perfection of form. The temple was built in terraces five feet high and four feet in width, until it rose to the height of three hundred feet. Illuminated by the last rays of a gorgeous eastern sunset, the cap-stone was placed. A signal was given, and the vast multitude bowed in silent adoration.

The temple stands to-day almost as complete as when left by the workmen, and will probably remain only to crumble when time itself shall fade.

CHAPTER II.

A GLANCE AT SINGAPORE.—THE SULTAN OF JAHORE.

THE most interesting islands of all seas are those of the Strait Settlements, and if one could be singled out as more interesting than another, because of its people, I should name the small island of Singapore. It is only fourteen miles across, and sixty miles long; yet in the streets of Singapore thirty different languages are spoken. In the beautiful harbor float the flags of all nations, and it would be difficult to point out a place that forms a more impressive scene than that witnessed from the bay.

The European population consists chiefly of merchants, government officials, military men and a few missionaries. The island is almost on the equator, and because of its situation the climate is very trying. A garment the weight of a mosquito-net becomes a burden, and the effort in using a fan produces the greatest discomfort. Servants are numerous in each household, and the white people do little beyond "breathing the breath of life"; this I am sure they would not do if they could hire a servant to do it for them. If one wants to grow lazy gracefully, Singapore is the place to go. The natives are the laziest people in the world. The Indian bullocks, used as

beasts of burden, have a dreamy, far-away look in their eyes, and step with lazy tread. The native, too lazy to get up into the cart, sits on the pole between the animals, his long, thin, black legs dangling in a most lazy manner. Instead of wasting strength in urging his lazy beast with a whip, he twists his tail to remind him that he must move on. The very breeze fans your cheek with a lazy breath, and you settle down, glad to do nothing—in short, to be lazy.

Standing one morning on the steps of the postoffice I spent an hour in watching the passing multitude. They came trooping by, of every shade of skin, speaking many strange tongues, and dressed in every color and variety of costume. The ever-present John Chinaman, from the mandarin of great wealth, with his fine horses, magnificent modern home and costly apparel, to the poor, miserable coolie who gains a few pennies a day by making himself a beast of burden, racing through heat of noonday sun, urged on by some heartless driver—both classes of the Celestial Empire form a large portion of the population of the city. Japan, Siam, Burmah, India, and, in fact, most of the countries of vast Asia are represented here in this cosmopolitan corner of the earth.

An individual standing near me attracted my special attention. His make-up and personality were very striking. He was tall, fully six feet, and thin—well, it seemed to me that he would need to stand twice in the sunlight to cast a shadow! His eyes were sunken; his nose had a decided crook. On his head was a wool cap, though the thermometer stood

one hundred and fifteen in the shade. His feet were pushed into a pair of shoes, the toes of which turned over toward the instep and ended in a sharp point. To his ankles fell a loose white garment, over which he wore a green silk robe. His strange looks led me to inquire from what part of the earth he had *escaped*. No one seemed to know.

While in Singapore, an invitation came to visit Jahore, a southern extremity of Hindustan, separated from Singapore only by a narrow passage of water. The road which led to the water's edge was perfect. It was cut through a dense jungle, and tracts on each side had been cleared and planted with coffee and cocoanut groves; but much still remained a wild growth, where vines and runners had overgrown the trees and become tangled in endless confusion, presenting a scene of wondrous beauty. Three hours ride over this road brought us to a small boat in waiting, and a few moments later I was in the sultan's carriage, on my way to see something of royalty in the far East.

The sultan's domain is small, and the population mixed—a few whites, some Chinese, and a few thousand Malays. The sultan lives in great state, and is very much given to display. He is low of stature, heavy-set, with dark eyes, and a great growth of white hair. Being a Mohammedan, he never removes his hat, which, when I saw him, was of foreign make.

One of the most interesting things concerning royal personages is that after all they are just like other

people—with the same emotions and sentiments, and given to romance in common with the rest of the human family. On the occasion of the sultan's last visit to England he traveled as a private person, under the name of Albert Barker. He met a young lady while abroad, for whom he formed a strong attachment, or at least he thought he did. He proposed that she return with him, and become the fair sultana of his realm. She favored the idea, and exercised a woman's privilege by saying "Yes." Time wore on, and the sultan exercised a man's privilege by changing his mind, and left the fair maiden with more damaged affections than she could manage: whereupon she sued His Serene Highness for fifty thousand dollars. The case was tried in the English courts, and it was decided that as the sultan was a reigning monarch he was beyond jurisdiction. There are many advantages in being a "reigning monarch."

The palace in which the sultan entertains his foreign guests is furnished in European style, with modern accessories. The dining-room is especially well arranged, and most gorgeous in furnishings. The walls are finished in panels, the alternate ones of looking-glass. The floor is of pure white marble, mosaiced in richly colored stones, and here and there Turkish rugs give a showy oriental touch to the room. But the most lavish display is to be seen at the table. While in England the sultan bought a dinner service of solid gold, and his foreign guests look upon something rarely seen either in the eastern or western world.

Through some mistake respecting the hour of return, the carriage failed to meet me, and my only means of reaching Singapore was by jinrickisha, drawn by Chinese coolies. Seated in this miniature carriage, a coolie jumped between the shafts and started down the road with alarming speed. The sun was on the decline, the heavy shadows fell across the road, affording cooling shade, and the coolies trotted steadily on, bringing us to our destination in less time than that consumed in the morning's drive.

CHAPTER III.

FROM SINGAPORE TO MANDALAY.

IT WOULD be supposed that any sort of accommodation could be secured from Singapore, where can be seen almost every kind of craft that is propelled by steam, sailed by canvas, or sent gliding down the bay by the strong hand of the native; but in traveling along all the eastern coasts it is almost impossible to find comfortable quarters on the steamers. It was my unhappy fate to take passage on a Dutch steamer. As usual the discomfort of seasickness was upon me, and I was unable to go on deck for a few days. When I encountered the captain he informed me that the ship had been ordered to Sumatra to convey the fever-stricken troops to the mainland. For many years the Dutch and the people of one end of this island have been at war over a small strip of land. I suppose thousands of Holland's sons have died of fever, or perished in arms, during the time since the first war, to say nothing of the natives whose lives have been sacrificed in defense of their country. The prospect of sailing for a few days with a fever-stricken crew was anything but pleasant, but as the open sea afforded no desirable means of escape I settled down and decided, as

one must so often do in tramping the earth, to make the best of it.

The Sumatran port was reached about midnight, and the ship dropped anchor only long enough to take on the troops. No one was allowed to go ashore. As we anchored no sight or sound of troops was seen or heard ; but presently, borne on the wings of the breeze, came notes of martial music. As it approached nearer and nearer, we heard the steady tramp of feet, and in a short time the soldiers were all aboard. Those who were able to walk, marched on board ; others, in the more advanced stages of the disease, were carried ; and the steamer put to sea again, all drawing a breath of relief and none fearing the fever, which was not contagious.

We sailed next day over smooth waters, amid spice islands, the air heavy with pungent odors and the perfume of flowers, until the sun of that day faded behind the beauty of an island, and evening was upon us. The soft twilight shades soon lengthened into darkness ; then the pale moon rose and threw a weird light over the scene ; one great star after another spangled the heavens, and night swept on. The steamer's lights were turned low, and "tired nature's sweet restorer" had come to some on board. But on the lower deck weary eyes refused to close, and were filled with tears of sorrow ; men moved about with noiseless tread and almost hushed breath, giving orders in an undertone. An officer came to where I was seated on the deck—the heat of the cabin had become unendurable—and said, "Some of the sol-

Sumatra Woman.

Mirror

diers have died, and must be buried at sea. We shall slack up at midnight and put them overboard; don't be disturbed."

What a night that was! one never to be forgotten. I sat alone, dreading the midnight hour. Soon the steamer moved slower and slower. I put my hands to my ears and closed my eyes, thinking to shut out every sight and sound; but soon I heard a great splash, then another and another, until almost a score had been consigned to a watery grave. The last brave soldier who died had asked that the flag of his country might form his winding-sheet. His comrades, many of whom had fought and suffered with him, carried out his dying request. The flag of Holland was wound about him, and tenderly they lifted him to the plank; I heard another splash and the steamer moved on. There can be nothing more distressing than a burial at sea. On the Dutch ship no service was read or prayer offered; it was simply a matter of casting overboard.

The next morning we gathered at the table, but no word of the sad scene was spoken. It was a thing of the past, and the pressing duties of the hour had driven it out of our thoughts. In this changeful world of ours, joy and sorrow are ever crowding upon each other; the tear is soon dried and gives way to a smile, or a smile quickly passes to give place to a tear—and the old world rolls on just the same.

I became engaged in conversation with the captain, who was a true son of Holland, but spoke English well. He at once took me for one who had wandered

from the land of the stars and stripes. Just how he was able to locate me I am unable to say—probably by my good looks! I found him the most profane man I had ever met in my life; in fact, he seemed to have determined to punctuate every sentence he uttered with profanity. I was the only lady passenger, but he swore in conversing with me just as he did in talking to the men. Finally I said, "Captain, why do you swear so?" The man opened his eyes in utter astonishment, and said, "Why, did I swear? If I did, I assure you I did not know it." He was most profuse in his apologies, and begged I would not consider it a lack of respect for a lady.

With the echo of oaths reaching my ears from time to time, we sailed on until we reached the shores of Burmah, that country whose native government was recently overthrown by force of arms, and which thus became part of the vast posessions of British India.

The Burmese government was purely despotic—the king sentenced to imprisonment, torture or death, according to his pleasure, without trial, or the least pretence to justice. Everything connected with the king was said to be "golden." When he went into the streets a fence six feet high was erected on each side, that none of the common people might look upon his "golden presence." King Thebaw's grandfather had a spear which he often threw at those who offended him, but his son is said never to have killed anyone, though he has thrown the spear several times. Under the Burmese government there were the most minute regulations concerning the construc-

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A Burmese Girl.

tion of houses, wearing of ornaments, and manner of dress. For a violation of these customs severe punishment was meted out to the offender. There were also special regulations concerning the manufacture of umbrellas; they must be of a certain size, color and texture. The king used white; other dignitaries carried umbrellas of different colors, according to the order of the king.

Mandalay, the capital, is situated in upper Burmah, and is reached from Rangoon by rail. This old historic town has often been the theater of scenes that have greatly affected the nation, both for good and evil. Here the British made their way to the palace, and, after having dethroned the king, proclaimed Burmah a British possession. But perhaps the scenes witnessed here, that have left the deepest impress upon the people, were those in the days when the brave Judson made his way to the king and received permission to preach the gospel in the land.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PAGODA AT RANGOON. — SACRED MOUNTAIN CAVES.

MANDALAY is a city of great beauty, and contains a palace the like of which has never been erected in any other part of the world. This structure occupies a place in the center of the city. The outermost inclosure consists of a stockade of teakwood posts twenty feet high. Within are three successive inclosures of brick walls, beyond which stands the palace, made of carved teakwood. This wood is most remarkable; it is said to almost rival stone in withstanding the test of time. As the Burmese excel in carving, the beauty of the palace is beyond description. Since the British have taken possession a part of the palace has been converted into offices, other parts into a church, and the chief portion has been reserved as the governor's residence.

The city is reached both by rail and water, so I decided to return by water. The sun was intense, and the reflected heat from the water much greater than the heat on land; but the beauty of the landscape repaid us for the endurance of the tropical sun. On each side, the same foliage that marks the tropics the world over lent its charm to the scene. Between the long, swaying branches of the cocoanut or palm I caught glimpses of the huts of the natives and their

places of worship ; for go where you will in Asia the ever-present temple, in all its varied forms, stands out as the feature of the landscape. This is also true of Burmah, especially as one nears Rangoon and sees the "Great Pagoda of Burmah" lift its head some three hundred feet above its surroundings.

It would be difficult indeed to describe this wonder, which has been standing for more than two thousand years. The pagoda is built on a rise of land covering some acres ; it is solid, cone-shaped—diminishing in rounded outlines—and surmounted by an umbrella spire, covered with gold leaf to the very point. Flight after flight of stairs lead to the elevation where the place of worship is built. All about the grounds are small archways, temples, and all manner of fantastic-shaped shelters for the hundreds of idols set up around the pagoda. These are of alabaster, wood and brass, and have been set up by devout worshipers as works of merit. They are in every possible attitude—reclining, sitting cross-legged and standing—all representing the founder of their faith, Gautama, commonly called Buddha. The fingers and toes are all the same length—a special mark of beauty. The lobe of the ear extends until it reaches the shoulders, and the face is gross in the extreme.

A remarkable feature of eastern life is seen in every city and hamlet throughout the many countries that go to make up the vast continent of Asia. The rich of these lands spend great sums of money erecting places of shelter for their ugly gods, and leave their own fellow-creatures to the most abject poverty, a

prey to the greatest hardships and suffering. This was most noticeable in visiting the pagoda. At the foot of the steps, and along the sides up to the landing sat scores of those unfortunate creatures so numerous in the East—lepers. There they were, old and young, disfigured and defaced, bearing marks of the awful disease in all parts of their bodies. As the richly dressed worshiper lifted his silken robes to prevent contact with the stone steps, he paid no attention to the misery of the beggars, but as their cries of, "Oh, rich man, give us rice for to-day?" rose higher and higher, the "rich man" only hastened on to satisfy his conscience by sacrificing flowers or burning incense before his favorite god, when the money thus spent would have provided for one sufferer for a day, perhaps for several days.

I turned from this scene of suffering to hasten to the wharf where the outgoing steamer on which I was to be a passenger was anchored. My destination was Maulmem, a seaport city only a few hours ride from Rangoon. This is an old, historical city, full of interest. But as the Irishman said of Naples, "The greatest wonders of Naples are outside of it," so the most interesting features of this place are outside of it." Toward the objects of interest we turned our faces one day, and truly went up through "trials and tribulations." In traveling in these countries the great discomfort is the necessity of taking provisions, servants, carriages, boats, and no end of "extras" that must make up part of the luggage. All these difficulties were finally overcome, and we took an

early start and drove down to the water's edge, where we had to be ferried across in a native canoe. This was not a matter of simply stepping from the carriage to the boat; someone had to manage the taking over of the provisions; but after many soul-harrowing experiences we finally reached the other side, where a two-wheeled cart, drawn by Indian bullocks, was in waiting to convey us to our journey's end. Six of us got up into the cart, sat tailor-fashion on the straw in the bottom, and off we started. We had scarcely reached the edge of the village before we found that the pitiless tropical sun was no respecter of persons, but beat down on us in dreadful fury. We decided to make an awning of the linen laprobe, so a halt was called, and branches of distant trees were brought over and made into poles to uphold the "awning" at the four corners of the cart. This served every purpose, and we were protected from the heat of the sun, which had now become dangerous.

Driving over the plains of India in a two-wheeled bullock-cart is anything but pleasant; but as "everything comes to an end," so did our journey, and we camped on the shady side of a great lone mountain in the center of a wide plain. On this mountain were the famous caves we intended to visit. They were discovered some centuries ago, and a pious-minded Burmese conceived the idea of laying up an unusual amount of "merit" by turning the caves into a great temple. The dome was a natural one, but workmen were sent for and directed to "improve" the beauty of nature by carving in the solid rock hundreds of

small images of Buddha. This done, other idols were built. We saw one great one stretched full length, lying on its back. It was built of bricks covered with mortar and finished with gold leaf, and it was minus an arm and a foot. In other chambers were larger and smaller idols, some of metals, others of wood.

We had brought with us torches of white and blue lights to aid in our inspection of the caves. These ignited we started on a tour of investigation, the party dividing as inclination led. Going into one chamber I was amazed to find one of our company with her dust-robe on the ground, looking around for a god that pleased her most. Soon one of the drivers emerged from the darkest corner loaded with a great mass of stone supposed to represent the physical beauty of the founder of his faith. This was carefully rolled up in the dust-robe and sent to the cart as a souvenir of the trip. Similar scenes confronted us as we went from room to room, and when we prepared for the return trip it was a serious question of who should go in the carts, the gods or the party. Finally, it was decided that everyone who had taken an idol must sit on it, and thus economize space. Be it forever recorded that I did not ride home *sitting on a god.*

INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

A HUNDRED and fifty thousand miles of travel by land and sea affords great scope for a diversity of experiences. If one were to ask me where I had had the greater variety—on land or sea—I would be unable to say, for both have brought such varied experiences that at times the tears would unbidden start, and again I would be almost convulsed with laughter. Occasionally, terror, also, has had almost complete possession of me.

I believe the most remarkable experience in all my journeys occurred at sea. I had been traveling through the Australasian colonies, and was on my way to India. There is little traffic up that coast, and the steamers are anything but first-class—simply cargo-boats, with passenger cabins. We started from Freemantle, on the west coast. The passengers were few in number; six traveling men, one minister, a French catholic priest and myself made up the list. The whole coast is a wilderness of sand-hills. As far as the eye can reach no sign of vegetation is to be

seen save a growth of wild flowers; these belong to the everlasting family, are of every hue and shade, and, strangely enough, take root in the burning sand, among the rocks, and on the barren hillsides. At this time not a drop of rain had fallen in two years. The sheep and cattle lay dead on the plains by thousands, and the few remaining inhabitants were sick at heart and discouraged.

On this coast are some of the greatest pearl fisheries in the world. Just out at sea, anchored in the shallow waters, was a fleet of about one hundred and fifty small boats, manned by twelve or fifteen hundred men of many nationalities; some were from the Strait Settlements, and others from Japan and the North. Our steamer remained here for two days. It is the custom when a steamer calls at this port for the officers of the pearling fleet to come on board and dine with the captain. I chanced to sit near one of the officers. He described the manner of going down to the bottom of the sea, and concluded by asking, "Why don't you go down?" He uttered this in a tone that indicated a challenge, and at the same time seemed to say, "You dare not go."

When I remembered how tall I was, the thought came to me, "Surely, they will never have clothes large enough for me;" so I replied, "Yes, I will go, if you have a suit that will fit me." The captain became so excited that he at once left the dinner-table, took a skiff, rode over to a pearling-boat, and in a few moments returned to say that everything was in readiness. To retreat would be unworthy of my

country, so with trembling limbs and almost bated breath, I started, in company with the stewardess and captain, for the pearling-boat. Here the stewardess helped me prepare for the dive. Two suits of heavy knit wear were soon donned; then came the outside garment that covered the whole body, all but the hands and head; a metal hoop was placed around my neck; on this were a number of screws over which the neck of the dress was pulled; then came a man with a wrench and made fast each screw. The shoes were next brought out; they weighed thirty-two pounds. When they told me that, I knew I would not stretch them out of shape. Next came the arrangement for the head. This was a sort of helmet, in which were three glass globes, one in front and one on each side, so that the wearer could view his surroundings in all directions. It was adjusted as a cone is screwed on a lamp, and produced a most disagreeable sensation. To the helmet was attached one end of a rubber hose, the other end leading to the air-pump, and arrangements were completed when I put on the weights (forty pounds of lead) about my neck and shoulders.

Thus attired, it was impossible to move, but a number of gentlemen from our steamer, with the gallantry that characterizes their sex throughout the world, offered to put me overboard. It took about ten men to carry me to the side of the ship, and I was thrown overboard—yes, thrown overboard! I landed on my back, and in a few moments, through the glass of the helmet, I saw those ponderous shoes

begin to come up, and I knew I was going down head first. I pulled the signal, and was soon taken on deck, where the surplus air was let out. I was then lowered to the bed of the ocean.

The sensation is very much the same as that experienced in the descent in an elevator. It was just after a wild storm, and the disturbed condition of the water made the occasion not very favorable for sight-seeing. I found the bottom hard and sandy. The water being so much heavier than the suit, I was able to walk about with ease. I did not venture beyond the ends of the boat, though I could see some distance farther. All around me were shells of many colors, seaweed and sponge. The seaweed was filled with pretty red seeds. After a few moments below I pulled the signal-rope and was taken up to the deck of the steamer, none the worse for my trip to the bottom of the sea.

In a few days we reached Singapore, and after a short delay boarded the steamer bound for India. A flood of thought came upon me as I turned my face towards this wonderful land. All the ideas of my childhood concerning it were brought to mind; I recalled pictures I had seen of cruel mothers throwing their children to the crocodiles, and poor, helpless widows cast upon the funeral pile to be burned alive. I wondered if I should see such awful things, but when I reached there, I soon learned that all the horrors ever conceived by human mind were as nothing compared with what I really witnessed.

CHAPTER II.

SIGHTS IN CALCUTTA AND BENARES.

OUR point of landing was Calcutta, anything but a native city. The whites are found here in such numbers that the whole city has a western appearance. It is full of interest, however. I visited Thackeray's birthplace; the room where Macaulay wrote his wonderful essays; the church where Carey first preached, and the baptistery where Judson was baptized. I then went out to see the native town.

It was at a very good time to visit the outlying city, for the "holy fathers" were just making a pilgrimage to the Hoogly, one of the sacred rivers of India. These men belong to the Brahmin faith, and are supposed to be absolutely holy; their whole time is given up to religious rites—reading holy books and saying long prayers hour after hour. We walked some distance out from the city to their camp, where about twenty were engaged in devotions. They wore only an apology for clothes; they were supposed to be attired in sackcloth and ashes—chiefly ashes. Their hair, which had turned a yellowish color from long contact with ashes, either hung down their backs in uncombed strings, or was twisted around their heads, Chinese style.

In another camp we saw a large company who had come miles, crawling snake fashion; they had trav-

eled over rocks, stumps and stones till their flesh was bleeding and torn, and the dust had settled in their hair and eyes till they bore little resemblance to human beings.

As I went through the city I saw, here and there, some who were enjoying their "merit-making" to themselves. One was dragging after him three hundred pounds of chains fastened to his wrists and ankles. The weight had worn the flesh away and the bare bones were exposed. Another was lying on planks driven full of spikes. This had been his resting-place till his whole body was bruised and bleeding. But I think the worst thing I saw was a man with his hand over his head; he had held it so long in that position that it was impossible to move it. I could hardly believe this, but my interpreter, who was a prince, said, "I have told him you wish to take hold of his arm to try to move it." I took hold of it, and might as well have tried to move the arm of a marble statue; it had become fixed in its position. His hand was closed, and where the nail of the first finger touched the flesh, between the thumb and forefinger, it had grown through. The nail of the thumb was several inches long. For all this torture they expect to live in a higher life when they go through the next transmigration.

Leaving Calcutta I journeyed northward as far as Benares, the chief city of the Brahmins. Of all degrading influences that could be imagined, all superstitions indulged in by rational beings, all darkness that ever clouded the human mind, the sum total is

Serampore College, Scene of Carey's Labors.

centered in this city. Benares is built on one side of the sacred Ganges, and extends about three miles along the bank. Early one morning I took a boat and sailed up and down the river, to better see the city. All the houses on the banks have steps leading down into the water, and at this early hour hundreds were making their way to the sacred stream to bathe, and worship by throwing sacred flowers into the water. Almost every act in a Hindu's life is one of devotion. As he descends the steps and dips himself beneath the water, he is happy in the thought that he has accomplished a twofold purpose — cleansed his body and paid homage to the stream.

While this was going on at the water's edge, just above, on the bank, I witnessed scenes never to be forgotten. The highest hope of the Hindu is to die in sight of the sacred stream. In one place could be seen hundreds of men and women afflicted with every disease that could be named, and in every stage of death. One old man, in a dying condition, was being borne to the brink by his friends. They reached there just as he was about breathing his last, and that he might know the blessing of a final look at the river, a young woman rushed to his side, and with her fingers held his eyelids open until the last spark of life had fled. This sight of poor, wretched, ignorant humanity, as looked upon on that spot, filled me with a sense of gratitude for the blessing of birth in a Christian land.

At one edge of the city is a spot set aside for disposing of the dead. It has been the custom of the

Brahmins, so far as we have any record of their methods, to dispose of the dead by burning, and the very primitive way in which this is done makes it seem terrible.

Five or six bodies lay at the river's edge with their feet in the water, while, above, the preparations for disposing of them were in progress. Special men are engaged, who go at their work very much as they would in building a house. Four heavy iron rods are driven in the ground, about six feet apart one way and four the other. Logs of wood are piled up on this space to a height of about four feet, the remains are placed on the pile, and other wood makes the pyre complete. Sitting or standing near are the numerous hired mourners and the relatives. They are dressed in pure white, and wail and howl; the one who can make the most noise is the best mourner. The nearest relative, who is the chief mourner, touches off the funeral pyre, the wailing is renewed, and, to add to the confusion, boys beat tom-toms (drums) and "play" on all sorts of instruments that produce unearthly sounds. The whole scene is far beyond description. The long flights of stairs leading into the stream, crowded with bathers repeating prayers, the dead and dying, the cry of beggars, the wail of mourners, the awful sound of the music, the cracking of the fire, and the dark clouds of curling smoke, all made a bewildering, confusing scene from which I was glad to turn, only to find things equally shocking.

Mounting the stone steps, I soon reached the streets of the city, and found my way to the leading temples.

The first was the Monkey Temple. Here hundreds of these creatures are cared for and almost worshiped by the natives, who regard them as sacred. My next visit was to the Cow Temple. The cow is also held a sacred animal by these people, and this temple, set aside for their special care, is of real oriental splendor and design, highly ornamented inside and out. The lower floor is set aside for the cows, and I found it just like an ordinary stable, only special care is bestowed upon the animals. Hundreds of worshipers visit the place daily. At one end is a shrine for the only image the Brahmins have. It represents three gods in one, and is the most hideous thing that could possibly be imagined. Worshipers come early in the morning with young kids to sacrifice to this god. The poor little creatures are tied up by the hind legs, hung against the wall, their throats cut, and their blood thrown before the idol; then the worshiper bathes in the Ganges near by. The noise, talk, running and pushing against each other, and the absence of all influences that lead to a worshipful frame of mind, are the most noticeable features of the lower part of the temple. The upper part is set aside for women who are married to the god, which means that they are set aside as the special property of the holy fathers. These women are either widows—the despised of India—or young girls who have been sold by parents whose love for money is greater than their love for their children.

CHAPTER III.

PESHAWAR AND THE KHYBER PASS.

WHEN I reached India I found it a much larger country than I had expected, and I was surprised to learn that I could go from the most southerly city to the northern boundary by rail. The journey is a long and very tiresome one; it cannot be taken in comfort unless one supplies his own bed. This necessitates a servant, and endless trouble in making your needs known. But finally the great plains were crossed, and I reached Peshawar at the gateway to Afghanistan. This is a very curious city, unlike any other place in India. The old city is surrounded by a high wall with sixteen gates, all of which are closed by nine o'clock, after which no one is admitted without countersigns and passwords.

Within the walls of this city there are only four white people; these are all young women from England in charge of the Woman's Hospital. Their house is surrounded by walls about forty feet high, and the gateway is guarded by armed sepoys. In leaving the hospital to drive, walk, or visit a patient, the young ladies always go under escort. I went to the top of the house to view the city and surroundings. The houses are peculiar to this place—built of sun-dried bricks and plastered over with mud. Around the top of each house is built lattice-work, through which the women of the family may look

Traveling in Bombay.

unseen into the streets below. They bring their spinning to this place, and in small groups work and chatter the days away.

Driving through the city I saw a very different race of people from those in central and southern India. The city is cosmopolitan, and the frontier people mingle to an extent unknown in any other part of the country. The natives from Cashmere were especially interesting, and their dress was peculiar to themselves. The season was winter, and somewhat severe for that country, so these people were clad in their warmest garments. The outer were made of goat-skin, worn fur side in. The long fur coat reached almost to the ankles, and was belted in at the waist with a knit scarf. Their boots were of heavy leather, loose and baggy at the ankles, with upturned toes. On their heads were cone-shaped skin hats; these were also worn hair side in, and the hair hung down over their foreheads like modern bangs. The whole make-up gave them a very strange appearance.

The city is chiefly Mohammedan, and early in the morning, before daylight, can be heard the call to prayer. A Mohammedan with strong lungs and heavy voice goes through the city crying, "O sleeper, arise and pray; there is but one God and his prophet is Mohammed!"

Beyond the city, towards the north, lie the great plains, shut in by three ranges of mountains—sandy foot-hills without a shrub or blade of grass, then a greater elevation, and, finally, the highest range, covered with a late fall of snow. Through these

ranges of such vast extent, three passes lead to the countries beyond, forming the only means of communication. Of these passes Khyber is most noted. It is the gateway to Afghanistan, that country whose ruler is fearful the whole world will invade his possessions. I determined to at least go through the pass, and the natural perversity of woman's nature filled me with desire to commit the forbidden act—enter his domain.

Arrangements were soon made and I was ready for the journey. The morning was bitterly cold; white frost had fallen upon everything, and even through my thick robes and wraps I could feel the wintry breeze. A drive of eight miles over a dreary waste such as could never be described, brought us to the fort, which is the end of the Indian possessions. Towering in awful grandeur before us rose the high peaks of the mountain range through which we were to ride thirty miles before the closely guarded territory of the Ameer would be reached. The pass is filled with bandits and outlaws—who live in caverns in the rocks and holes in the earth—making the journey most unsafe. I had applied to the government for troops, and found them in readiness for me at the fort. As they mounted their beautiful horses, most of them white as the snow before us, and rode off, the sight was a pretty one. The natives wore dark blue turbans wound about their heads with the grace known only to these people. Their uniform was of semi-European cut; dark brown in color, and belted in with dark blue belts. They carried guns, long

Elephant Traveling.

U of M

Traveling by Ekka in Cashmere.

swords, and glistening bayonets, and made quite a show. The outriders carried spears.

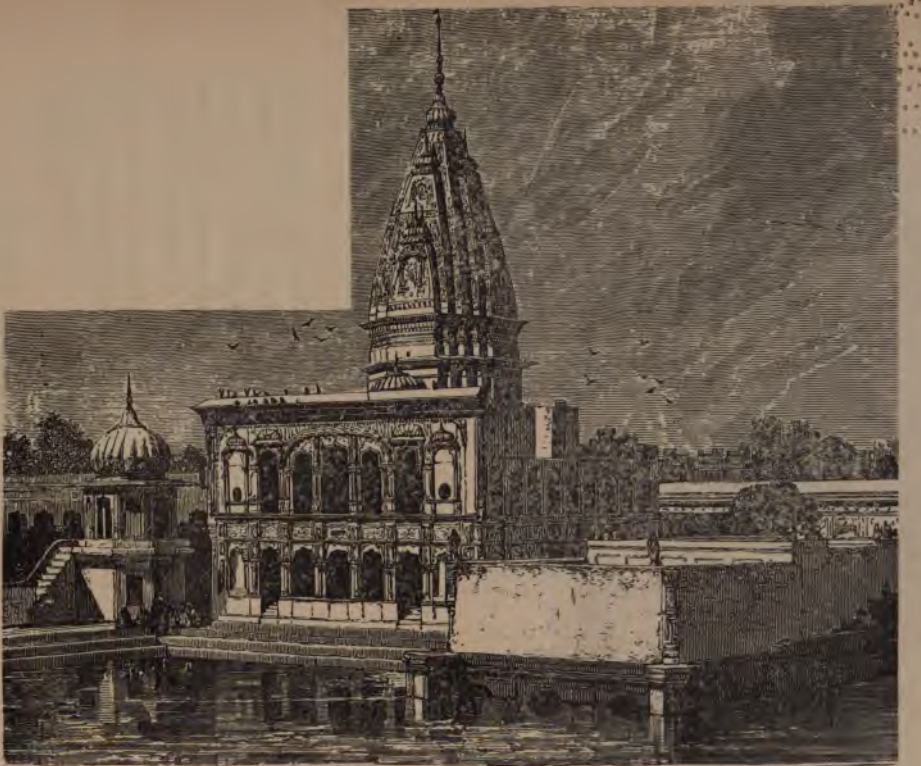
The pass through which we were to journey was thirty miles long and of perfectly natural formation. Had all the force of dynamite been applied, and years of toil spent in an effort to cut through the range, so perfect a pass could not have been constructed. The road is irregular and winding, and because of the granite walls on each side the highway is somewhat gloomy. On the summits of the lower hills were round houses used as lookout posts, and in these were stationed hundreds of armed sepoys. As soon as a footfall is heard on the road they spring to their posts and in their native tongue cry out, "Traveler, pass on; you are safe, you are safe."

When half way through we came upon the fort of Ali Masgid. This is situated at an elevation of three thousand feet, and commands a fine view of both entrances to the pass. I made my way to the top to see a caravan coming from Cabool, the capital of Afghanistan. By the aid of the field-glass I could see camels, hundreds strong, little asses weighted down with great burdens, and many Indian cattle. They made their way over the winding road; now and then a camel would find its way over a hill, making a short cut, and come out some distance in advance of the others. The burdens carried by the camels were so great that one animal would often require the whole width of the road. They were bringing down dried fruits, peaches and apricots; also green fruits, pomegranates and pineapples. The

common pottery and prayer-rugs used by the Mohammedans formed part of their burdens.

After the animals carrying the merchandise had passed, came camels carrying the native women, for many families were coming down to India to live. A large dry-goods box was fastened to each side of the camel, and in these the women were stored away, as many as six or seven in a box. They belonged to the high-caste people, so their faces were not allowed to be seen, and their garments were so fashioned that they covered the entire body. Two small holes were cut out of the dress for the eyes, but aside from this no feature of the women could be seen. Concealed by this queer raiment the women were allowed to come out of the zenanas and travel in the caravan. The camels were driven by low-caste Afghan women, who wore tattered trousers, and had wild-looking eyes and screeching voices. They carried very heavy sticks, with which they urged on a lazy camel or reminded an innocent-looking ass of their presence.

With these strange-looking people, and stranger surroundings, I traveled back to India. At Peshawar, the English keep immense stacks of telegraph poles and railroad ties and rails, that they may prepare for an outbreak at short notice, for Russia is said to look with longing eyes in that direction. A return to Lahore brought me to a place whence I could reach almost any point in India by rail, and from these central cities travel either by elephant or camel to remote sections where native life could be seen in all its varied forms.



Tomb at Lahore.

CHAPTEP IV.

THE TAJ-MAHAL.—INDIAN WIDOWS.

REACHING Central India I stopped off at Agra, the city noted for the most wonderful tomb ever erected in any part of the world —the Taj-Mahal. The traveler in India has the sight of this tomb ever before him through all his journeyings. It is to Hindustan what the volcano of Fusiyama is to Japan, and once seen, is never more to be forgotten. In the mind's picture gallery it remains chief of all that is artistic in the world. Strength of building has insured for four thousand years the preservation of the pyramids, but beauty alone has preserved this crowning glory of vast India.

The Great Mogul built the city of Agra; at his death his grandson, Shah Jehan, inherited his vast wealth and became a great spendthrift. Shah Jehan lived in Agra with his favorite wife, who bore him eight children and died at the birth of the ninth. When dying, his wife requested him to build a tomb to her memory that would surpass in splendor anything the world had ever seen. That he faithfully tried to carry out her request the Taj gives ample evidence. It was built two hundred and fifty years ago, and was twenty years in course of construction, twenty thousand men working on it daily. It cost

several millions of dollars, which represent only the value of material, for the work was slave labor. The tomb is situated in a large garden on the banks of a softly flowing stream. It rests on a marble platform six feet high, is octagon in shape, built of pure white marble, with Arabic letters from the Koran mosaiced in black marble on the snow-white facings. The structure is surmounted by a large central dome and four smaller ones, one on each corner.

To see the Taj to advantage it must be viewed by moonlight. One night when the great city was wrapped in slumber we made our way, in company with a Christian guide, to the spot where the Taj stands. We passed under the great archway and along the winding path, amid playing fountains and blooming flowers, to the foot of the steps leading to the platform. A strange feeling took possession of me as I mounted those steps leading to a place of which I had read since childhood, but upon which I had never expected to look. We reached the platform and crossed to the door. Here my guide paused and lighted his small lantern; then we entered, to find ourselves in a good-sized room, a large portion of which was occupied by a finely-carved alabaster screen. The whole inside was finished with alabaster mosaiced with precious stones. Vines, flowers and buds were set in the wall, extending from floor to dome; the vines were of green stone, and the flowers and buds of jasper, amethyst, ruby, chrysolite and other valuable minerals. We passed through an archway in the screen, and sat on the marble stone

Taj-Mahal.

that marks the resting-place of the queen. My guide said, "The most wonderful thing about the Taj is the echo. Shall I sing something for you?" He sang one verse of Coronation," two or three words at a time. I heard the first words echoed from the wall near the floor, rising higher and higher till they reached the dome, where they were lost in the sweetest music. Wonderfully is one impressed with this melodious echo. When all other sounds fade away and are lost in the past, this seems ever and always to abide with me.

It is thought by many that the women of India are in a greatly improved condition under the British control of the land. It is true that some little advance has been made, but much more must be done before the women of that country can ever be elevated to the standard of womanhood. Some years ago, Pundita Ramabai, a high-caste Indian, a widow, and daughter of a Brahmin priest, became interested in the widows of India, and never rested till she had established a home for them. Ramabai is the most remarkable woman that India has ever produced. Her father, contrary to custom, believed in the education of women, whether wives or daughters. He educated his wife and she assisted in the education of the daughter, who felt she had a special mission to go from house to house and arouse an interest in the education of women. This prevented her marriage until the unusual age of sixteen, something almost unknown among those people. She married a lawyer, but in little

more than a year and a half he died, leaving her branded for the rest of her life. She felt the sting of this so bitterly that her reason, her judgment, told her that there was something wrong in a system that branded a widowed woman and made her an object of contempt. She decided to go to Europe and see what the life of a woman in the Christian world was like. With her little girl, very young, she arrived in the great city of London, among people of whose tongue she knew nothing; but she learned the language, came to America, and raised a very large sum of money for her Widows' Home.

While in Powain I visited this fine institution, where I found forty-seven widows, some of them so small and young that it would be supposed that natural human kindness would have led to their protection; but they were despised, abused and even cast away, until the kind-hearted Ramabai gathered them in and cared for them.

Next to this remarkable woman, among those who have come out a benefactor to their people is Miss Soonderbai Powai, who has gone to England to plead with a Christian nation to come to the rescue of the people of India and deliver them from the withering, blighting curse of opium-smoking.

In crossing India I stopped at Jeypoor and visited the palace of the Rajah, who was very kind. He loaned me his elephant and a body-guard that I might visit the people of his domain. This was my first experience in traveling by elephant. The great ugly

Soonderbai Powai, Anti-Opium Agitator.

Pundita Ramabai, Friend of the Indian Widow.

creature got down with great effort on his knees and against his side was placed a ladder which had to be mounted to reach his back. With some difficulty, going two steps up and slipping back one, I reached the saddle, where I sat almost breathless till the guide and Bible-woman had mounted. The driver took his seat on the elephant's neck, just behind his ears, holding in his hand a long three-pronged fork, with which he pierced the poor creature mercilessly. The great beast rose slowly and started off with his burden, carrying us, day after day, over mountains, down into valleys, and through cities, with slow but sure tread, till I felt my worst experience in globe-trotting was surely not in viewing the landscape from the back of an elephant.

AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

KILLING TIME ON SHIPBOARD.

THE most cosmopolitan gathering in which I ever found myself was in a crowded steamer starting on a long voyage; better opportunity for studying character is rarely afforded. Is there anything in the world more interesting than the study of our fellow creatures, each cast in a different mold, with such varied characteristics? We look in wonder upon nature, studying it in all its forms, from the buttercup at our feet to the mighty oak lifting its proud head above us; we are fascinated by the skill of man, and stand amazed before his handiwork; but nothing affords such a source of never-ending study and surprise as humanity. The chance to indulge in such study came to me en route from Australia to Africa. It was in the month of May, the early autumn of the former land, that I took passage by the only line of steamers plying between those countries, and found myself among all conditions of men and women.

The voyage before us was long—one month out of sight of land. The steamer was a freight boat with

passenger accommodations; and even with delightful company the journey would not have been the most desirable thing to undertake. The day after we left, when all view of land was lost, we turned our attention to "getting settled." All were strangers to one another, and after a general summing up all round, and determining in our own minds who were the good-tempered and most companionable ones, we formed ourselves into little groups—to talk about the others. It was at the time of the great financial collapse in Australia. Many had lost all; others, with what little remained, had turned their faces towards a new country, hoping in a brief time to retrieve their diminished estates. In Africa there was much excitement over recent discoveries of gold; and thither most were journeying as toward the promised land. Many were hard-working people, who usually make up the population of mining regions the world over. Others were "speculators"—in plain English, gamblers. Two ladies were on their way to be married; one had reached—yes, had passed—the midsummer of life, and amused herself by humming,

"This way I long have sought, and mourned because I found it not."

One couple were on their way to England to be married, taking their honeymoon in advance. Two doctors, intending to practice their arts on the unsuspecting miner, were among the number. An English millionaire, a young lady traveling alone, and a long, lean, lank individual, who proved to be delightful company, made up the passenger list.

The weather was stormy the first two weeks, and drove us under the awnings, where the limited space brought us together like a flock of sheep. These close relations proved to be not the most pleasant thing in the world, for we were sometimes forced to hear ourselves the subject of remark or criticism, a thing little calculated to add to the harmony of the trip. When the ancient spinster's joy over her happy estate was not the topic of discussion, the free ways of the younger were commented on. For the sake of excitement some of the party fell to match-making, and tried hard to break the monotony of the voyage by having a real wedding on board. This failed, so they decided to have a mock breach of promise trial; the engaged young lady sued a cross-eyed Jew for ten thousand pounds damaged affections, I being retained as her counsel. Of course the case was won.

When the storm was over and we once again sailed in calm waters, it was only to experience great discomfort in our cabins; for we were packed like sardines in a box, and the unventilated condition of the rooms inclined us to imagine that the "speculators" had gotten up "a corner" on air. One trying night, when life was a burden scarcely to be borne, and the heated condition of my cabin could no longer be endured, I threw my wrap about me and made my way to the deck. The lights were out, but I groped along to a bench, where I threw myself down, thinking to remain only a few moments. It was a dark, dark night; not even one star could be seen. Great sable clouds had rolled themselves up against the

horizon like mountains of smoke, and only now and then could be seen the face of the moon passing through the rifts, to be almost instantly lost again in the blackness. Thus for a time it played hide-and-seek with the sea, upon whose bosom the reflected clouds seemed to spread themselves, till it, too, rolled in inky blackness about us.

Soon I heard the sound of voices near by, and became aware that I was not alone, though the hour was late. I lifted my head and peered into the darkness, straining my eyes in the direction whence the sound came. The clouds had again parted, and as the moon shone out for an instant I recognized two figures, who had now grown familiar to us, and of whom it was whispered, "They will make a match." I was evidently unobserved, so I resumed my reclining attitude and tried to sleep; but my ears were too unaccustomed to the words that followed, for unintentionally I overheard this Romeo declare to his Juliet the tender passion that filled his heart. When he had exhausted all the adjectives at his command, and failed to express all that she was and ever could be to him, he paused, not so much to find words as to catch breath; then with new strength and added vigor he "fell to" again, and finally concluded by gasping, as with his parting breath, "Oh, thou—oh, thou—." This was too much to longer endure. One may imagine the feeling of utter loneliness that would creep upon an old maid, away off in the middle of the sea on a dark night, in hearing such tender heart appeals and knowing that they were meant for

another. I silently withdrew to meditate upon the strangeness of fate—perchance to slumber.

The captain was splendid company, and to the bridge I often betook myself to hear him, with great enthusiasm, tell of his efforts to solve the mysteries of the heavens. Standing with him one lovely night, when every star shone with a beauty wholly its own, the captain said, in a half-daring way, "Why don't you go to the mast-head?" My reply was, "I will, if you will go with me." A gentleman on board, a special friend of the captain's, was to go with us. He was sent for, and our intention was told him, with strict injunctions "not to breathe a word about it"—but whoever knew or heard of a man keeping a secret? Before the appointed time it had been whispered among the passengers that a lady was going aloft that night. Great was the astonishment, and much the speculation as to who the lady was. About nine o'clock I withdrew to my cabin to prepare for this new experience. I drew forth the garment that always forms part of my wardrobe, a divided skirt—used only on special occasions—over which I put only a jacket that my feet might be perfectly free. I tied a scarf about my ears, for the night was chilly, and took a short cut, unobserved, to the bridge, where the gentlemen were in waiting.

From the bridge we crossed to the steerage quarters, where we mounted the rope at the side of the ship. My heart beat faster as I put my foot on the ladder and felt it give slightly; but with the captain on one side and a fearless gentleman on the other, I took

courage. "Look aloft," said the captain; and obeying his command, with face turned heavenward, I went up step by step till the end of the ladder was reached. It was my thought to set off a blue light, but the sails were all spread; at that height the wind was very strong, and with sparks flying into the rigging great damage might have been caused. It was a perfect night; the full moon shone in all its glory, throwing a flood of light upon the dancing waves as they went shimmering along in their wild unrest; and the stars twinkled their clear light upon us from the cloudless sky. From this height the people on the deck seemed like small children, as they nervously moved about awaiting our descent, which was more difficult than the climb upwards. I finally reached the deck in safety, amid the cheers of the passengers, and the "Well done; you are the first woman I have ever heard of who would venture to the mast-head," from the captain.

My last experience on the ship was the throwing overboard of a sealed bottle in which I had placed a note of greeting to the finder. This drifted thousands of miles, and was picked up some months later on the shores of a distant land by a gentleman, who at once notified me of his discovery.

With these varied incidents time wore away until we at last reached our desired haven.

CHAPTER II.

ASCENT OF TABLE MOUNTAIN.—JOHANNESBURG TO QUEENSTOWN.

THE first sight of Africa was disappointing. It is true we saw Table Mountain, of which so much has been written, and to the summit of which almost every tourist wends his weary way, to return footsore and limping, but able to say, "I have been to the top of Table Mountain." It is about three thousand five hundred feet high, with a platform usually enveloped in a cloud of mist, which gives it the appearance of being spread with a white cloth—hence its name.

The first sight of Cape Town was also disappointing. I had expected to find a much larger city, with very different looking people. The natives appeared to be—and in fact are—a mixture of every race; they have intermarried until now they belong to no really distinct family, and are without distinguishing characteristics. They have partly adopted foreign dress and manners, and are the most uninteresting people I have ever seen. With the exception of a few old Dutch houses, the city is modern in appearance, and contains some fine buildings.

Like all other visitors, I, too, must go to the top of Table Mountain. Through the kindness of the mayor

it was arranged that I should reach the summit, and at the same time save my strength and shoe leather. On the top of the mountain a great reservoir was in course of construction, and to carry material to the top ærial cable lines had been put up. These consisted of heavy wire ropes, extending from the apex of the mountain to its foot; an engine at each end kept the cable in motion. Over these wires ran pulleys, to which baskets were attached, and in one of these we were to ascend three thousaud five hundred feet. The manager of the works and another gentleman were to accompany me.

A long and delightful drive around the foot of the mountain brought us to the side facing the sea, where the engine house stands, from which point we were to start. The perpendicular walls of the vast hill rose before us, and the undertaking seemed most perilous. We crowded ourselves into the basket, the signal was given, and we moved slowly over the wire, suspended in mid-air. I looked below, and saw the shadow grow less and less till it seemed scarcely the size of my hand. As we neared the face of the rock we hung at rest for a few minutes until a workman gathered us up, and we were landed on the top. There were a fine view, wonderful works, and hundreds of men to be seen; and even a nice house—the home of the manager—where we rested and partook of his hospitality. But, truth to tell, I was thinking about the getting down again, and I confess I did not like the idea, especially when the gentleman who was with us said, "I would give anything if this trip were over."

When the time for the descent arrived, I walked to the edge of the summit, seated myself in the basket, and took courage for the down trip, which was accomplished in a few minutes; and then I, too, was able to say, "I have been to the top of Table Mountain."

Just out of Cape Town a few miles is one of General Booth's colonies. By kind invitation of the overseer I drove out to see what was being done to elevate a small portion of the "submerged tenth," in whose interests the General has so bravely worked. There is no doubt that if the poverty-stricken of the great cities could be brought to such places, and surrounded by similar influences, there would soon stand forth a mighty host for whose bettered condition they would forever bless General Booth. The colony in South Africa, if properly managed, will prove a great inspiration to many a weary pilgrim who has fallen in the struggle of life.

Very much has been said of the vexations of traveling in Africa; but the half was never told. In accordance with all that I had heard I equipped myself with spirit-lamp, teapot and tea, and such things as would add to the comfort of the journey, and boarded the train for Johannesburg, a city some twelve hundred miles distant. For a few hours we journeyed through a beautiful, well-cultivated country, but before the shadows of night had closed around us we came to a wild, weary waste, over which we were doomed to travel for two days and nights. This wilderness, which produces scarcely a blade of grass, is so vast in extent that even a field-

glass fails to reveal its limits. The wind, always reduced to a low, sad wail, falls upon the ear like a distant cry of distress, sweeps the desert the whole journey through, and makes the nights almost unbearable. We stopped only at a few small places, to take coal or water; but little of life—not even the natives—is visible along the line. Those who see the byways and highways of this great world of ours see them at a terrible cost of bodily discomfort. At the end of that long and tiresome journey I felt a fit subject for the hospital.

Johannesburg is a wonderful city; I am almost inclined to say worth the fatigue of the journey to see it. The place is more than wonderful; it stands out a perfect marvel. Here is a city of forty-five thousand people—a city containing some of the finest buildings on the continent, erected at greater expense and labor than that bestowed on any other modern town; for the rocks and stones from which the chief buildings were reared were brought from a great distance, either on mule-back or by bullock cart. Nothing but the discovery of gold or diamonds could have gathered together such numbers, or awakened such wide-spread enthusiasm. In this case gold was the attraction, and men became millionaires almost before they were aware of it. It is the greatness of the place, rather than its beauty, that so astonishes one. The immense square in the center (which should be laid out as a park) has been set aside for a market-place; and here each morning numbers of bullock carts, driven by natives, bring wares to the city. The heavy wagons

are drawn by ten pairs of oxen, the first pair being led by a native by means of a heavy strap. These teams become so mixed that often much skill is required in the separation.

Less than half an hour by rail is the city of Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal. Between these cities a deadly hatred seems to exist, doubtless because of the numbers of English who have come to Johannesburg and made great fortunes. In their enterprises they have greatly outdone the Boer, who seems quite satisfied to follow in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, and the very presence of the English is regarded as an infringement on Dutch rights.

At a large reception given by Sir Jacobus de Wit, the English minister, I met the representatives of France, Prussia, Germany, Belgium, the Hawaiian Islands, and, in fact, those of all treaty countries. The Belgian minister was a remarkable man, for whom new regions had strong fascination. He was possessed of a great desire to tread unknown parts—"to step on sod never pressed by the foot of the white man!" To this end he made preparation for an extended trip to distant parts, taking with him several natives and camping out. After long days and weary nights of travel he reached a lonely, forsaken spot on a hillside, and there pitched his tent, believing he was far out of the track of his kind. A large fire was kindled without the tent, and the lone minstrel sat him down to pick the jews-harp. His soul reveled in the delight that from that spot no white

face had ever looked into the starry firmament, no eager soul had feasted on the wild beauty—this alone was left for *him;* and with a satisfaction born of great achievement he fell asleep. The next morning he betook himself to a cool seat under the long, feathery, drooping limbs of a tropical tree to revel in solitude. A native, following with a fur rug and a camp-stool for the comfort of his master, found an empty sardine box and a whisky bottle, which he tossed to one side, and they fell almost at the feet of the Belgian. The latter's disappointment was almost greater than he could bear. With uplifted eyes and extended arms he exclaimed, "Great heaven! the Scotchman has been here before me!" Then turning in haste from these "pioneers of civilization," he retraced his steps, and for the future left unbeaten tracks for the Scotchman.

By the kindness of the president of the Transvaal, I was shown through the Mint, and thus my visits to Pretoria and Johannesburg gave me an acquaintance with the precious metal in all its stages, from the rough ore to the burnished, small, flat pieces so much coveted by the sons of men. The scales on which the finished money is tested are so delicately constructed that they will correctly register the weight of a man or a hair from his mustache. A speck of dust will throw them out of balance. The Transvaal is full of interest, but the people lack enterprise. If Cecil Rhodes had "right of way" in the republic, it would soon be transformed, and, doubtless, the same developments would be brought about that have character-

A Scene in Africa.

ized his rule — for he rules—in Cape Colony. In traveling southward along the east coast the modes of conveyance discount the railway trains in real discomfort, and my courage almost failed me when I learned that my next trip must be made in a ten-horse stage; but later I had reason to congratulate myself that we had the sure-footed horse instead of the fleet zebra used in the north. The hour of starting was four in the morning. Weary of flesh and sad of spirit I dragged myself forth at the very hour when I was wont to indulge in sweetest slumber, and mounted the stage. The driver jumped lightly to the box, gathered up the reins, and before I knew it the mettlesome steeds were speeding on their way.

The coach was filled with passengers, outside as well as in. This gave it the appearance of being top-heavy; and as we swayed from side to side we were in constant fear that those of us on the top would be left by the wayside. The careless, almost reckless, manner of the driver was in no way calculated to inspire confidence, and my only thought was, "How awful it will be when night comes on."

Night came. The rocking, rolling and shaking continued with unabated fury till the small hours of the morning, when we stopped for refreshments and a few hours' rest—our misery to begin again at dawn. The following day the stewing, broiling and semi-congealing—according to the various states of the temperature—came to an end, and we arrived in safety at the east coast. This section of the country was wholly unlike that through which I had just

fought my way; the heavy winds of the Karroo, which seem to be on contract (as is everything else in Africa) to blow just so much in a given space, had been left behind, and from the surrounding beauty it was difficult to realize that we were not in some other part of the world. The barren wastes of the desert had given way to tropical foliage; and the moaning wind was lost in the fresh sea air that blew softly over the land, subduing the clouds of dust that until then had continuously enveloped us.

Continuing the journey southward we came to Queenstown, where we saw the first real native village, some two or three miles from the city. This was inhabited by Kaffirs, who received us with great hospitality, showing us through their houses, and giving us any desired information. The Kaffirs are of a somewhat lower order of intellect than that I had expected to find; and to educate and evangelize them is, in my opinion, an almost hopeless task, though the missionaries report great progress in this direction.

In these parts the natives are not so black as are the negroes of the United States, but they are much less intellectual in appearance. The men wear only a blanket wrapped around them; no matter how hot the sun, or cold the wind, this ever abides with them. In some way these blankets are dyed a deep terra-cotta color, and one blanket serves the wearer for years. From appearance, I should say some of them had been handed down for several generations.

The men are lazy, and their highest ambition is to possess themselves of a certain number of cattle;

with these they are able to purchase a number of wives. In increasing his wives the Kaffir increases his stock in trade, for the women perform all the hard labor. When a man is the happy possessor of three or four wives, it means support and laziness for the rest of his life. He places the same value on a wife that he would on any live stock.

Kaffir villages and houses are built in circular form, for the Kaffir mind is wholly unequal to forming a square, just as a circle is beyond the skill of a Hottentot. A large open space is selected, and the huts are built near one another, and then inclosed by a stone or earth wall. The huts are most curiously constructed. Limber poles are set in the ground in circular form, about three feet apart. When these are all placed, the ends are brought together at the top and fastened. This forms the framework of the house, making it cone shape; it is then interwoven with heavy waterproof grass. The entire frame is covered, leaving only space for a low door, to enter which one must almost crawl—or at least bend very low. The huts are without chimneys or windows, and are wholly destitute of furniture. The floor serves for a bed; and the natives sleep in the same blanket worn in the day. Thus their wants are very few. The fire is kindled on the floor, and as there is no outlet for smoke, everything is heavy with the odor of burnt wood or grass. The occupants of these huts subsist chiefly on a kind of corn, which is eaten with a great spoon from the vessel in which it is cooked.

The Kaffir women are low of stature, and wear two

blankets instead of one, both of which are of the same hideous color. One is tied around the waist; the other is thrown over the shoulders in cool weather, but is cast off during the hot season, when the upper part of the body is without cover. Some of the women are very shapely, and, unlike the men, many have fine features, which are often disfigured, however, by an ugly paint of the color of the blankets. Like all natives they are fond of showy ornaments, and bedeck themselves with beads of every color on the arms to the elbows, and around the neck, extending to the waist. They usually build the houses, perform most of the heavy labor, and occupy the same place that woman has always held in the heathen countries of the world.

CHAPTER III.

AT HOME WITH THE AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM."

EACH country and age has its heroes, martyrs and geniuses. In every land the halo of greatness rests upon some brow whose reflected light shines across the seas to other lands bearing on its shimmering beams a name that becomes an inspiration to the world. The thought of "darkest" has been so long associated with the name of Africa that one would scarcely expect to discover anything which could be designated by the name of "genius," yet it is a fact that from that dark land there have been flashed over the wires of the world names whose greatness has left its imprint upon our day.

While traveling through this country, in many respects so uninteresting, I met men and women who had distinguished themselves, and whose names were enrolled upon the book of fame. I suppose the best known woman in Africa is Olive Schreiner, or, perhaps, I should say the best known family is the Schreiner family, of which Olive is the most distinguished. It is not an exceptional thing to find one member of a family who possesses gifts beyond the usual; but to find a whole family of geniuses, with gifts so varied that they compass the entire range of

modern thought, is something indeed extraordinary. Yet each one of the Schreiner family stands out a character by itself. Olive was introduced to the literary world under the somewhat singular name of "Ralph Iron," and through the medium of a book which was a decided departure from the usual line of thought—"The Story of an African Farm." I read the book soon after it appeared in America, and because of its peculiar theology and remarkable views concerning the marriage question—which had not then been developed into a "question," but was accepted, as it had been handed down to us, as a divine institution, and therefore the only form that could be recognized—because of these strange ideas I had a great desire to see the writer. When the success of the book was assured and the real name of its author had become known, I was filled with a greater desire than ever to look into the face of the woman who had penned this somewhat weird production. The opportunity came to me during my sojourn in Africa when I visited Olive Schreiner in her home.

Her book being without a frontispiece of the writer, the only idea to be formed of her personal appearance must of necessity be based on the characteristics of the book. These being so unusual, it was but natural to expect to see a somewhat unusual appearing individual. With these thoughts in my mind I left the train at a station a short distance from Craddock, and found the carriage waiting to convey me to the farm, some three miles distant.

Olive Schreiner.

Viewing the surrounding country as we drove along, I did not see how any place in that region could be called a farm. My whole being just tingled with suppressed interrogation-points, as I wondered what such barren land could produce. Arrived at the farm, a little body flitted from the house to the gate to welcome me, and in less than five minutes I was truly at home with this interesting, chatty little woman.

Mrs. Schreiner is under average height, with dark hair, arranged in that careless style so becoming to genius. Her dark, sparkling eyes light up her face with wonderful brightness as she expresses the interest she feels in all things; for, from this place where one seems almost buried, she keeps in perfect touch with the outside world and its "doings." This kind of life, that would narrow down and dwarf the very soul of some women, is to her a perpetual feast.

The house is of the style of the farm-houses of that country—comfortable, but scarcely presenting the surroundings in which one would expect to find Olive Schreiner. It is impossible at such distant points to procure the furnishings and belongings of the kind of house that charms and quiets the untamed spirit of a restless woman. Every real need was supplied, and for actual comfort nothing was wanting, but there were none of the luxuries present that characterize the modern household. This was one of the penalties of living in the "wilds of Africa," for such this great farm—with ten thousand acres—seemed. On one hand the high, barren, ugly hills, which form one

of the fascinations of the place for Mrs. Schreiner, shut out the view. On the other, is Fish river, usually dry. Beyond this stretches the great "karroo," wild, vast and awful, over which the wind sighs like a symbol of endless sorrow. For months at a time the whole landscape is parched and burned, with little signs of vegetation; when finally this does appear, the low bushes are almost the color of the earth from which they spring—a strange gray-green that lends, if possible, a more barren aspect to the country.

As we stood in the door of her house, Mrs. Schreiner pointed toward the hills with great enthusiasm, told of the animals that prowl among the bushes, and seemed to revel in the beauty (?) of a landscape that to me breathed only of endless waste. She was, if anything, even more enthusiastic in her delight in the great "karroo."

"I just love it," said she, "for its mighty vastness. I am filled with awe when I look upon its almost boundless stretches, spreading over miles of uninhabited regions. I have almost a reverence for it." Then, pointing in the direction which we then faced, she added, "Away over there, in a small house, I wrote my story of 'An African Farm'; it was the majesty of the almost limitless 'karroo' that gave me my inspiration."

I did not discuss the theology or social features of the book, which I fully intended to do, for she talked on about the country and of things generally in which she is so well informed, that time wore apace, and I was obliged to depart without having gained

Fish River, Schreiner Farm.

the information whether or not the book expressed her own personal views. Later I was told that she was but nineteen years of age when this remarkable production was brought out. It is said that from her publishers she received the small amount of fourteen pounds, to which, however, they added large sums when the book proved such an astonishing success.

The next in interest was "Olive Schreiner's husband," as he is generally called in South Africa. Mr. Schreiner, previous to his marriage with Olive, was a Mr. Conwright; but finding his wife unwilling to give up a name that had become known throughout the world, he took hers; a proceeding made easy in that country by simply announcing in the papers for a certain time that after such a date Mr. John Smith will be known as Mr. John Smith Brown, or Green, as the case may be. Numerous criticisms have been passed pro and con on his unusual course, and I venture to say that sentiment generally is much against a man "losing his identity in his wife's name," as a number have expressed it. However, I found Mr. Schreiner just the sort of a man one would expect Olive Schreiner to marry, and it was most amusing to hear her tell, in her bright, sparkling way, how they became engaged—sometimes having a good-natured laugh at her husband's expense.

Mr. Schreiner is a man of fine appearance, somewhat older than his wife, and, it is said by those who should know, one of the rising statesmen of South Africa. Being indigenous to the country (he has never been out of it), he is deeply interested in all

social and political questions, and especially those pertaining to the welfare of the natives, for whom he expressed a great fondness. His power as a writer on local subjects, and his unusual platform ability, will doubtless place him where both gifts will tell in the interests of the people. Previous to his marriage, Mr. Schreiner lived a bachelor life on his farm for some years. During this time he gathered about him a large number of native servants, both Hottentots and Kaffirs. These became servants indeed, for it is not overstating it to say that many of them would have given their lives for him, if necessary. When I was there the Schreiners were about to leave the farm, and Mr. Schreiner's greatest grief seemed to be that he must part with his servants. The place is very extensive, and is principally a stock farm; that is, if the ostrich can be classified under the head of stock. Over this wild-looking place some hundreds of these birds of the desert roam at large, and scarcely know that a barbed wire fence keeps them within its confines.

CHAPTER IV.

A RAMBLE OVER THE SCHREINER HOMESTEAD.

WE SPENT some hours rambling over the farm. Mr. Schreiner (a kodak strapped to his back) and myself, with a Hottentot attendant, started out to see the ostriches and have a snap shot at some of them. The habits of these ungainly birds are most interesting. They can never be tamed, and it is very dangerous to go within reach of the ugly feet and legs that possess so much strength. As we approached the breeding-yards the birds took flight at the appearance of a stranger, and started on a wild run, in which even a horse could not have overtaken them, so fleet of movement were they. Nature has provided them with special means of swiftness in the tail and wing feathers, and as they increase their speed these are spread like small sails, presenting an amusing appearance. The movement of their legs is wholly lost sight of, and they have the appearance of skimming along without effort. The birds when enraged are savage and dangerous, and a more blood-curdling sight could not be witnessed than that of an encounter with these vicious creatures.

With the aid of the Hottentot, Mr. Schreiner caught an old bird and held it while I plucked a

few feathers. The poor thing kicked, struggled and floundered around, and when liberated soon put good distance between us. The hen bird is most savage when sitting, and if disturbed gives fair warning to the intruder. In some marvelous manner the long neck, which can be lengthened to some feet, is drawn down to the body and only the head appears from amid a frill of feathers that fairly stand on end. To give vent to her displeasure she opens wide her mouth, and thunders forth her rage in volumes of sound that fall upon the ear like the roaring of a wild bull. It is wonderful, the special gifts that nature has bestowed upon the female portion of all creation—they can at least make a noise. On the principle of "equal division of labor," both birds sit in turn to bring out the young.

In strolling about I came upon a nest of eggs, and saw how the sand had been scratched to make a hollow in which to deposit the great white balls that later on would be transformed into life. The gray bird, which is the female, has less plumage than the male, and sits in the day; being the same color as the grass in which her nest is made, she remains unseen, and as the day grows old the male bird, whose color mingles with the surrounding darkness, hovers over the eggs until returning light. When the ostriches are partly grown they are at their ugliest stage. Numbers are placed in a small inclosure, the walls just high enough to keep them within; at the slightest sound they poke their long necks over the wall, perhaps fifty in a row, with no part of their

Discovering a Nest of Ostrich Eggs.

bodies in sight, but a yard or two of neck bobbing up and down as they try to take in the situation. According to modern methods most of the chicks are brought out in an incubator.

To the hatching-room we proceeded to inspect the process of eggs "evoluting" into chicks. The eggs were deposited in long drawers, and uniform heat was maintained by the aid of a lamp. "In this drawer," said Mr. Schreiner, as he pulled out the one nearest the floor, "they must be almost ready to come out." Sure enough, there they were struggling with a heavy shell, trying to clear themselves of the bits that seemed to cling so fondly to these little ugly creatures. One, with more determination than the rest, stood up, shook the few fragments of shell from his down, and started off with the independence of a Yankee going to celebrate the Fourth of July. In this early stage of life they seem all head and feet, their two great, ugly toes being the most prominent feature. The breast is a pretty fawn color, but the back is covered with quills which turn the wrong way, very similar to porcupine quills when raised. When removed from place to place they are carried by the neck, which seems most cruel, but in no way injures them. When grown the birds are plucked every eight months. Many have written at length of the cruelty of plucking the ostrich, and some humane and well-disposed persons have passed resolutions and pledged themselves not to wear the plumage when, as a matter of fact, the birds suffer no more than we would in having our hair cut. They are

herded into a pen, a sack is placed over their heads, and the plumes are cut off, leaving the stumps of the quills on the body. These are shed in molting season, just as the feathers would be if allowed to remain. The eggs are of great size, and the weight surprising. The shell, when opened and the inside removed, will hold the contents of eighteen hen eggs. Ostrich eggs are sometimes used for table purposes; they are usually made into omelets, one egg being sufficient for a meal for a whole family. Having a desire to sample this ovicular delicacy to see what it might be like, Mrs. Schreiner boiled one for sandwiches to be taken on my journey; she put it on to cook in the morning, and when it had boiled for nearly an hour it was considered well done.

Mrs. Schreiner is not especially fond of the ostrich, but the hundreds of Cashmere goats and Persian sheep on the farm have in her a true friend. I have rarely seen a prettier sight than this happy husband and wife counting the goats when they come home at night. They are valuable for their long, pretty silk wool, which hangs almost to the ground. The sheep are raised for the table and market. Of the goats there were a large number. The native shepherds brought them from the hillsides where they had been feeding during the day, and they all huddled together near the gate of the inclosure where they were to spend the night. Mr. Schreiner stepped over the fence, opened the gate, and the goats began to file in, as if each understood that he must not enter until the one before him had been counted. The Persian sheep

A Hottentot Hut.

are kept separate. They are most peculiar in appearance, with long, white bodies, closely clipped wool and black heads. They scramble, uncounted, into their place of shelter, and little interest is taken in them.

Some have asked, "What will be the effect of Olive Schreiner's marriage; will her genius and identity be lost in that of her husband?" No, I should say not. She will always be Olive Schreiner. Her individuality is too marked and strong to be lost in anyone. The same elements that gave her the courage to dip her pen in a new color of ink, as it were, and give her convictions to the world—which were only new in so far that she was brave enough to write them—these elements will always maintain for her a striking personality; and Mr. Schreiner is himself so strong a character that he has no need of his wife's personality to add to his strength.

Another question often asked is, "What about her husband taking her name?" In these days when there is divided opinion on all points that pertain to the "doings" of women, this question will be answered according to the "evoluted" thought of the inquirer. From the expressions of opinion I gathered while in that country, I should say that Mr. Schreiner's example would be somewhat disastrous to the general "run" of men; but Mr. Schreiner, happily, is a man strong enough to carry his wife's name. All men are not. The weight would carry some down to oblivion, or if they lived at all it would

be in the reflected light from a woman, which always casts a rather sickly irradiation upon a man. The conviction grows upon me that the less pronounced gifted women can be in winning their way to the sure footing intended for them by nature and God, the more rapid will be their progress toward that goal.

My visit to this home will ever be remembered with delight.

CHAPTER V.

OLIVE SCHREINER'S MOTHER.

AS DAY was slowly dying from the sky we drove to the railway station, some few miles distant, and I boarded the train going southward, intending to visit the town where Mrs. Schreiner's mother has so long lived. The train was cold, and great was my discomfort. Through the dark, moonless night I waited for the dawn, which would bring me beyond these plains where the wind sighed like the restless ocean upon the shore.

Morning found me in a small city by the sea, nestled at the foot of the hills. The weird desert was far behind; the damp air and the mists from the sea had been distilled into dew, which watered the parched earth and dried roots, giving new life to all around.

I had come to this place especially to see Olive Schreiner's mother, of whom her daughter had spoken much. "My mother," she had said, "has been converted to the Roman faith, and you will find her in the convent."

Toward the convent I set my face, and reached the great iron gates and high walls just as the day pupils were leaving school. Following the directions given,

I soon reached the house in which lives one of the most remarkable women of her age I have ever known. The door was opened by Mrs. Schreiner herself, and I found it almost impossible to believe that eighty-seven years had swept over her head. I was ushered into a room, the walls of which were completely covered with pictures, most of them relating to her religious faith. The house is small, for she lives alone and is very active. Her domestic duties are but a recreation to her. A look into her face told me where Olive had got her bright eyes, that are such a charm, and a few moments' conversation told me through whom Mother Nature had bestowed such marvelous conversational powers upon Olive Schreiner. For fourteen years Mrs. Schreiner has lived alone, and twice only has ventured beyond the great gates in that time. I was surprised, finding her so shut away, to learn how thoroughly she was informed on matters of interest in the outside world; but she "keeps up with the times" through the medium of all kinds of papers and periodicals. Being deeply interested in all good work, she spends much time in prayer for the success of old reforms. In motherly tones she said:

"Yes, child, I remember well when you started on your mission, and thought you young to go out into the great cruel world from which I was so glad to be sheltered."

Knowing the religious views of other members of her family, I wanted much to learn how she became a Roman Catholic; so I ventured to say:

"Mrs. Schreiner, do you mind telling me how you became interested in the Roman faith?"

"No, I don't mind in the least."

Then I drew forth my ever-present note-book and recorded most of what she said.

"My husband," began Mrs. Schreiner, "was a Dutch missionary greatly devoted to his work, and deeply interested in the natives. During our married life three sons and two daughters were given us—my son in England; the one in the government; Theo., the temperance lecturer; Mrs. Lewis, who has not long been married; and my Olive. All these are living and are children of whom I am proud—not a black sheep among them."

The sweet gratitude with which she expressed this fact was delightful to see, for with the sun of her last days flooding her path, truly it must be a blessing to look upon a family of men and women grown, and see them filling places of honor in the world.

"Well," continued she, "my husband died, the children were away, and I broke up the home and went to live with a friend." Here, with moistened eyes and a trembling in her voice, she spoke feelingly upon the sacred theme of friendship.

"In that hour of sorrow, when the husband of all these years had gone before me and left me with a longing heart and empty life, the refuge of a sweet friendship was in a great measure a compensation. To this friend I confided everything. There was not an act of my life, thought of my heart, or longing of my soul that I did not tell her. We were knit to-

gether as were the souls of David and Jonathan. When a friend is wound and bound about the heart till the fibers of one life can scarcely be separated from those of the other, and in each there seems a consciousness of the absolute need of the other, that happy state is as near bliss as we shall arrive in this world. Often and often I have blessed heaven for the sweetness of a pure friendship. But when the loss of my husband seemed most severe, there came the darkest hour of my life; my friend proved unfaithful, and in one day I was robbed of what was more than life to me. Sad of heart and heavy of spirit, I lost faith in man and God. I believed in nothing, and life had little charm for me. In this frame of mind I accepted an invitation to spend a few days with a friend whom I had long known. Glad to escape from the heart-burnings that made life a burden, I went to spend Christmas-tide with her. My friend belonged to the Catholic faith, and without knowing my frame of mind she invited me to the Christmas service. The sweet music attracted me, and I went from time to time, until I became interested in the faith of the church. The priest visited me often; I studied the Bible, and was at last brought to light through the teaching of the Roman Catholic church."

Here she looked me in the face, and with an intense earnestness said, "And, child, I have found the true religion. These are the happiest days of my whole life." She spoke with tender affection of the religious belief of her children and concluded by

saying, "That, perhaps, is the religion for them, but this is the religion for me."

There was something sweetly pathetic about the life of this devoted woman, who at her advanced age retains all her faculties and a full interest in the world and, most surprising of all, picks up a newspaper of ordinary print and reads it off without glasses. Mrs. Schreiner asks nothing greater than that she may live and die in the faith to which she is so strongly attached.

CHAPTER VI.

THEO. SCHREINER AND HIS SISTER, MRS. LEWIS.

IN undertaking a journey of long distance, the fatigue was so great that I stopped off at a small town to rest for the night. In the local papers I read that Mr. Theo. Schreiner, who had been holding wonderful temperance meetings at a point near by, would reach town the following morning. Here was an unexpected opportunity to meet another member of the family of whom I had heard so much. My departure was delayed to await his arrival. When his card was sent up I went down to meet him, full of expectation as to what this particular Mr. Schreiner might be like. As I entered, he rose and greeted me in a warm, friendly way. We had each read much of the other, and we felt that we were by no means strangers. There stood before me a fine-looking man, who bore little resemblance to his sister Olive. About the average height, with thick light hair, and beard to match, and large blue eyes, he certainly looked a splendid specimen of an Africana. Mr. Schreiner's special gift lies in his unusual platform ability. He is considered one of the finest speakers in the country. He has utilized his gift of eloquence in the interest of reform, and for many many years has gone up and down the land, among

the Boers, speaking on all subjects for the betterment of the people. He can discourse in Dutch like a Hollander, and his special theme is gospel temperance.

When I was about to start for the station, he proposed that we go early enough to drive around the town. It was a small place, and very little time would suffice to see the "sights." The object of greatest interest was a monument, the like of which the world has never seen. It is usually supposed that monuments stand to do honor to the valiant deeds of some great hero, but this was by no means the object of the granite column that arrested my attention as we drove along. Some time ago it was decided that the English tongue should be the language of Parliament; no one would be eligible for Parliament who did not speak both English and Dutch, but English was to be the recognized language. This was greatly lamented by the Boer, who vainly supposed his language to be that of heaven. It is never defamed by using its strongest adjectives; hence a Boer reads his Bible and prays in high Dutch, but does all his swearing in low Dutch. Believing it to be the language used in calling the world into being, and having a reverence for it second only to that for the Most High, it was a great grief to see it crushed to earth with one fell swoop, and know that its musical accents would no longer enter into the laws of the land. This event, therefore, called forth the patriotism of the Boer, who expressed it by the erection of this monument.

"Would you like to read the inscriptions?" asked

Mr. Schreiner. Being a Yankee, I felt I could invest my time to greater profit even in Africa then sitting down to decipher the hieroglyphics on a tombstone put up to a dead language; so we drove on to meet the train.

Some days later, my line of travel took me to Kimberley, the home of Mrs. Staksby Lewis, the oldest sister of Olive Schreiner, and wholly unlike her in every possible way. Low of stature and very stout, with a somewhat strained voice from long public speaking, she had the appearance of a home-body instead of a platform woman. Long ago Mrs. Lewis associated herself with temperance reform, and devoted her unbounded energies to the Good Templars, who are still wont to call her "Sister Schreiner," notwithstanding her little flock of nine, none of whom belong to her, however.

Upon the death of a relative, or friend, I do not recollect which, Mrs. Lewis (then Miss Schreiner) adopted four children. As she went from place to place speaking, sometimes many consecutive nights, "her children" were always with her, and, in addition to her public duties, she seemed to find time to instruct and train them. During her travels Miss Schreiner met Mr. Staksby Lewis, a widower with five children, most of whom were well grown. For some years she considered his proposal of marriage; finally, it seemed to be the call of duty, and she settled down to the domestic cares that come to a woman who undertakes to mother nine children of two different families, none of them her own.

Mr. Lewis is a friendly, quiet man of sterling worth, and wholly devoted to his wife and family. Mrs. Lewis is of an intense religious nature, her special belief being "faith healing," a doctrine to the study of which she has devoted much time. The earnestness of her platform utterances has won many converts to that live train of thought.

Of the Schreiner family there remain only two—brothers—of whom I have not spoken. One has long been associated with the government of South Africa, and the other took up his residence in England some time ago where he leads a less public life.

ORIENTAL OBSEQUIES.

CHAPTER I.

A JAPANESE FUNERAL.

THE ordinary individual is destined to attract attention at least twice, and often thrice, before he forever disappears from the active scenes of this world. The most important event of life, one's birth, calls forth less interest than the two events which follow—the wedding and the funeral. For the latter greater preparations are generally made and a more wide-spread interest is taken. When the wee babe first opens its eyes and the announcement goes forth, "Unto us a son is born," or "a daughter is given," the fact is quietly recorded and usually forgotten by all beyond the sound of the voice of the new-comer. But when a wedding is on the boards, interest deepens, whole neighborhoods and even cities become awakened, and crowds gather to see "what the bride's dress is like"; and thus, amid the vulgar stare of the throng, a sweet, blushing maiden becomes the object of curiosity, criticism and comment. To my mind it is far worse than are some of the customs we are wont to call "heathen." When the wedding

is over, and, finally, the lengthened or shortened thread of life is broken, the funeral attracts the crowds; many who never spoke a kindly word of the dead bring forth their garlands fair to deck the coffin, or to wilt and fade upon the grave; and in the dying of their fragrance and beauty they carry with them, perhaps, the last thought of the one gone before.

In studying the customs of the people of the world, I was deeply interested in comparing the funeral and wedding ceremonies of Asia with those of Christian lands; but it is of funerals only that I can here find time to speak. As the customs vary so greatly, it would be impossible to describe them all; it is therefore necessary to confine myself to the extent of my own observations.

Soon after landing in the city of Yokohama, Japan, I was told that a wealthy and noted native had died, and his funeral would take place the following Sunday in one of the great temples. As we went out into the streets on that day, it was an easy matter to find the place of the obsequies by following the crowds, for the streets were teeming with people, all flocking to honor the dead. After a long walk we reached the avenue that led to the temple, which stood at the top of the street. The roads to the right and to the left were thronged with some fifty thousand people. The short avenue in front of the temple was kept clear for the funeral procession. As a special favor I was allowed to walk down the avenue; otherwise I would have been unable to reach the tem-

ple, for the crowds were so great. The whole street was lined with floral decorations, in which the Japanese greatly excel. Large trees, planted in tubs, were placed a few feet on each side, and extended from the beginning of the avenue to the very temple door. Many kinds of flowers were arranged in the branches of these trees to give them the appearance of blooming shrubs. We were escorted up the walk by two native policemen; reaching the temple we found a heavy rope stretched across the great steps to keep the crowds back. The policemen explained that we were strangers and anxious to go into the service, and the guards kindly allowed us to enter.

The temple was constructed after the manner of the architecture of that country, with an open front, so that all proceedings could be witnessed from the street. The usual lack of order and solemnity prevailed; for nowhere in the east can be found decorum at worship, funerals, weddings or other functions which we regard as sacred and carry on with more or less system. At one side stood the coffin, which was in the form of a miniature temple, resting on a bier. This small temple was made of some kind of white spruce, beautifully carved, but without polish or finish. The pointed eaves extended over the sides, and beneath them were small carved windows, draped with white lace curtains and lined with pale blue. The whole "casket" had more or less carved open work upon it. Near the coffin stood a band of musicians dressed in foreign uniform. They wore dark blue trousers, red coats, and played on foreign instruments. On the

other side of the room stood the relatives and intimate friends, distributing presents; this is a general custom among the wealthy or upper classes. The presents usually consist of sweets made from rice flour and sugar, and fashioned after the lotus blossom and leaf. In the center of the room sat numbers of priests clothed in black gauze, reading or chanting a sort of dirge from their sacred book, the music of the band almost drowning the monotony of their voices.

When this confusing ceremony came to a close the funeral procession formed. I had no idea who the mourners were, for none were weeping or wailing or clad in any kind of mourning-garb; all were chatting away, each seeming to express an opinion as to how the proceedings should be carried on. The coolies, bearing the coffin, were dressed in white garments with a white, drooping head covering. The place of burial was some distance off, and numbers of these coolies formed relays to relieve each other at stated intervals. Those not in service at the moment preceded the remains, and, behind, came the pall-bearers. Numbers of ordinary coolies bore the trees and tubs, taking them, as they passed, from the sides of the streets, and with them a great throng moved on to the burial-ground. The distance was too great to follow. I was told no special service was held at the grave; the remains were interred in the most simple way.

Just across the small body of water that separates two nations, I found a great difference in the manners and customs of the people.

CHAPTER II.

QUEER WAYS OF SHOWING GRIEF IN CHINA.

I FIRST witnessed a Chinese funeral in the streets of Victoria, on the island of Hong Kong. As I passed along a strange noise attracted my attention, and looking in the direction whence it came I saw a large moving crowd, and resolved to see what it might mean. I retreated from the street to the steps of a native shop, and there awaited the advancing throng, which proved to be a Chinese funeral. A long procession, made up of strange-looking people, was headed by small boys carrying wooden signs, or banners. These were inscribed with those fiendish hieroglyphics, with innumerable horns and hoofs, that give one the impression that the language is of a warmer climate than that of China. These banners were carried far above the heads of the bearers, and the inscriptions were supposed to recount the virtues of the dead. Following the mourners, wailers filed in line, for this was the funeral of a well-to-do person. Numbers were hired to wail and cry ; ten or a dozen were dressed in white, with cone-shaped covers made of white calico on their heads ; these covers drooped far over the face, completely concealing the features. The mourners formed in procession, single file, headed by one who continu-

ally tooted a tin horn. This personage was followed by one who lent support to the chief mourner. As they marched they swayed their bodies to and fro, and howled, and moaned, and sobbed ; the one who made the most noise was accounted the best mourner, and probably received the largest amount for his services. Behind the mourners the pall-bearers slowly marched, as if trying to keep step with the loud wails. The coffin was large, and looked heavy. It was flat on the bottom, oval at the sides, with a curved lid, and a heavy piece extending upward from one end, which marked the head, for it was the same width all the way down. Large ropes were bound about it and the ends were made fast to a piece of bamboo, which was placed over the shoulders of the men, leaving the coffin to wobble about as they marched along.

The thought of a bier has never occurred to these people, for it is not in the nature of a Chinaman to devise labor-saving methods. Behind the coffin followed bearers of sweets and meats to be placed on the grave of the departed and consumed at his leisure. A pyramid-shaped tier of shelves were ladened with food of all kinds, including a whole roast pig, fowls, ducks, and many savory bits seldom tasted in the life of an ordinary Chinaman. The running and hurrying of some parts of the procession as they occasionally became detached from the other by reason of the large crowds, the endless din of the noise they called "music," mingled with the sound of

wailing voices, made a scene of confusion not easily described and never to be forgotten.

The selection of a place of burial is the chief concern of the relatives, for much of the future state of happiness depends upon where the bones of the departed rest. Frequently days elapse before an auspicious spot – away from the range of the wind which blows "bad luck," — can be settled on. When a "safe" spot has been found, the coffin is placed on the ground, and a mound of earth thrown over it; this often reaches the height of six feet. The place is forever sacred, and must on no account be disturbed. Frequently the graves are marked by cutting the slope from one side of the mound and building in some kind of masonry. At certain times of the year paper money is burned before the grave, for the benefit of the dead. This, however, cannot be said to be the usual custom of disposing of the dead, for in each of the forty-two provinces the natives have their several superstitions and forms.

In one of the northern cities I saw a funeral among the lower classes. The coffin was carried in the manner described, but there was no procession beyond the relatives, and no extra mourners. The coffin had passed before I caught sight of it, but my attention was arrested by a number of weeping persons riding on wheelbarrows. I called a coolie and followed up the procession of six wheelbarrows, on which were seated nine weeping women and three men. It never dawned upon me that it might be a funeral. Wheelbarrow travel, which is the usual mode in these

parts, was unique, and the thought of being wheeled to a funeral in one of those unsightly conveyances overcame the solemnity that the occasion demanded, and I confess I overtook that funeral procession in a frame of mind unfit to offer my services as one of the hired wailers. The mourners were chiefly women, and, being of the poorer class, could not afford the expense of white garments for mourning apparel; so their grief was indicated by a strip of white muslin bound about the head, with the ends left dangling down. The grief they failed to express by way of garb was made up in noise, as they threw themselves from side to side, with many hairbreadth escapes from landing in the road. Thus they made their way to the burying-ground without their noisy demonstrations of grief attracting the least attention from the passer-by—for the scene is a common one.

In a town somewhat inland I met with a greater surprise than that afforded by the wheelbarrow procession. It was in a small village, where a foreigner attracted much attention, and my presence in the town brought out a great following as I went from house to house speaking to the women. In one small house the woman invited me in, more, I think, to see what I was like than to hear what I had to say. As I sat perched upon a saw-horse, a common seat among the poor, I saw a very rude coffin against the wall on the opposite side of the room. When the crowds of men and women pushed in, several seated themselves upon the coffin, and almost sat upon each other as they

tried to make room for one more. The thought came to me that probably they had purchased it at "a bargain," and were keeping it in readiness, thinking, at the same time, that it would serve as a warning of our "common end"; but it was only my Yankee proclivities that led me to such conjectures. It was the custom in those parts whenever the husband or the wife died, to embalm the remains and keep the coffin in the house until the death of the other, and, finally, bury them together. The husband of this family had been dead seven years, and the coffin had been in the house all the time!

Before leaving the town I returned to say a last word to the woman, thank her for her kindness, and leave a copy of the Bible in her language. I did not enter, but stood in the doorway a sufficient time to make mental notes of the scene before me. On the coffin sat a young child eating rice from a bowl with its hands. An old hen and her brood of chicks had come into the house (a way they have in that country), and, being on familiar terms with the child, had hopped up on the coffin and helped herself to a mouthful of rice, which she threw to the floor in small particles, and, in hen language, called the little ones to partake of the feast. The child was willing to share the rice with this wise fowl, and seemed rather pleased at the familiar relations existing between them. Considering the many uses to which these coffins are put, perhaps the custom forms part of the domestic economy of the people.

The most shocking thing in China, to a person from the West, is the sight of great numbers of the unburied dead in some of the fields. This is especially the case in the vicinity of Shanghai. Such a state of affairs must be very much against the laws of health. Driving along one of the chief boulevards just out of the city, I noticed scores of coffins of all sizes unburied, and upon inquiry found that there were several reasons for this unusual sight. Many people die whose relatives are too poor to purchase a grave; in such case no provision is made for burial by the authorities, but the dead are embalmed and the coffin placed in the open field. This is the principal reason for so many remaining uninterred. In other places, large tracts of land have been given for the burial of the dead; these have become overcrowded, and the coffins have been taken out and set against the mounds and left there. Other tracts in the vicinity could not be given for such purposes, for every foot of productive land in China is utilized in producing rice for the support of the millions. Think of a country so densely populated that there is no room in it to bury their dead!

I was told that cremation was the usual custom of disposing of the dead in some parts of the empire, but in no place did I see it practiced. After seeing the great numbers of unburied, I thought it would be a blessing to China if cremation were adopted as the universal rule. Many regard the process of burning as the highest expression of all heartlessness. We come to have almost a reverence for these shells of

ours, made up of perishable matter. A departure from the usual line seems to shock the average person. As we become more enlightened, we shall probably learn that the welfare of the living is an object of greater concern than the final disposition of that portion of ourselves to which we can only attach the same value that we do to a worn-out and useless garment, which, having accomplished its purpose, is cast aside. As we become more enlightened we shall also learn that it is possible to burn our dead with the same reverence and respect as that with which we now consign them to the ravages of the worms of the dust, knowing that in all probability future generations (when the burial-places of to-day are lost to sight) will subsist upon the vegetation nourished by moldering ancestors. Aside from the question of health, cremation would be a perfect boon to that portion of humanity who are so constituted that they must visit the graves of their dear ones in order to express their heart's sorrow. I would just as soon think of weeping over the spot where the cast-off garments of the dead were buried as to go to the cemetery, and in anguish of soul linger beside the spot where the worn-out, cast-off garment of a personality has been buried.

CHAPTER III

DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD IN SIAM AND INDIA.

THE sights of China prepared me for anything I might see in other parts; therefore I was not shocked when I reached Siam and learned that the poor of that country, when dead, were thrown to the vultures. A large place in one of the temple grounds is set aside as the spot to which the common dead are brought. In company with a lady I drove to one of these grounds, but on entering a native told us the dead had not yet been brought. Because of the intense heat it is a law that the dead must be disposed of within twenty-four hours; and as death usually occurs at night the early morning finds every preparation made for the final disposition of the body. We had reached the grounds a little early, but the time was profitably spent in conversation with a most intelligent native, who spoke English very well. He conducted us over the grounds and through the temple, explaining everything of interest. Soon a messenger came to us to say that a Chinese had dropped dead in the gambling-house over the way, and would soon be brought in. On his person money enough was found to pay for the wood, and his remains were to be cremated. As we walked toward the gateway we saw several men carrying a rough pine

box covered with a red blanket; this was placed to one side in a sheltered spot, and the men began preparations for cremation. From one corner of the ground they brought quantities of wood, split in the usual length for a stove; a high, long pile was arranged, and before the box was removed to the pile, the natives asked if we cared to see the dead Chinaman. We walked over to the box, the red blanket was removed, and we saw that the friendless man had been packed away with his few effects, all of which were to be consigned to the fire. The cover was replaced, and box, blanket and all were lifted upon the pile. A match was touched to the wood, the pyre was wrapped in clouds of smoke, and long tongues of flame soon reduced all to a small pile of ashes.

Meantime some of the dead Siamese had been brought in, having been carried through the streets in an entirely nude condition on a rough plank borne on the shoulders of the natives. To prevent the remains from falling into the street, runners had kept beside the plank to replace a limb or arm upon the board as it was jolted from its resting-place by the motion of the bearers. Beside the spot reserved for burning the dead was a small square, fenced off by a solid brick wall some four feet high. Within this a still smaller space was marked off by a row of bricks, and in the second inclosure the dead were disposed of. Perched on the fence and on the eaves of the temple sat a row of solemn-faced vultures, waiting for their prey. The bearers advanced to the gate and tossed the remains into the little square.

In an instant every vulture had scented the dead and swooped down to the spot. In thirty-five minutes every bone was picked bare and no trace of flesh remained.

Only the lower classes and criminals are disposed of in this way. Special arrangements are made for the cremation of the dead of the royal household. The ceremony is more like some festive occasion than one of sadness. Large buildings are erected at great cost, and all the people are given up wholly to the ceremonies. When the body has been reduced to ashes, a golden vase, in the form of the king's decoration on his umbrella, is brought in and the sacred dust deposited in the vessel, which is placed in one of the rooms of the palace beside other vases containing similar relics of the dead. The buildings are then torn down, and the imperial family put on mourning and make the usual display of grief.

In the vast country of India the dead are disposed of according to the religious belief that prevails in different parts of the country. The Brahmins burn their dead in public places. (This custom I have referred to on pages 231–233). The Mohammedans bury them and place a heavy, flat stone over the grave. And the Parsees, the most intelligent of all the people of Asia, and, I should say, the most highly educated, build great towers, within which the dead are placed, to be devoured by the ever-present vulture.

The Parsees, who came over from Persia some few centuries ago, have settled in great numbers in the

Bombay presidency. In their energy in carrying on commercial pursuits they outdo, if anything, the Hebrew. Their steady application to business has made them the leaders of trade in that presidency. Settling there in early days, they brought with them the peculiar custom of disposing of their dead that had been handed down to them through all the centuries, and probably will be practiced through the coming ages.

One of the most beautiful spots along the coast, without the city of Bombay, is the site of the Parsee "Towers of Silence." A very high stone wall surrounds the entire grounds, which include some acres; the whole is laid out like a beautiful and extensive park, and well in toward the center stand the three towers. Just why they are called towers would be hard to say, for they are more like unroofed round houses. They are about forty-five feet high, and perhaps the same in diameter, built of brick and plastered over with gray cement. Near the top, at one side, are two iron doors, which are always locked when there is not a funeral taking place. About ten feet from the top, on the inside, fastened to the wall a few feet apart, and extending in a slight incline toward the center, is an iron grating, upon which the remains are placed. The bars meet within two feet at the center. Each iron bar is curved toward the center, forming a small channel, down which all moisture from the body is carried. The bottom is very deep and extends some hundreds of feet into the earth. The oldest tower has been in use for two hundred and fifty years. These grounds are the home of the vultures, and at any time

of the day and night they can be seen in numbers perched upon the top of the towers and along the edge of the fence. They stand perfectly motionless, and as they are huddled one against the other it is easy to mistake them for the parapet of the towers. Their long, gray plumage, well dressed and trimmed, has almost the effect of polished stone, and for a moment I mistook them for an ornamental finish to the structures.

By securing a pass from the authorities the grounds may be visited at stated hours. The funerals take place at given times, and no foreigner is then allowed in the grounds; even the Parsee women are excluded from attendance. One day, when the heat was almost past endurance, I was invited to drive out and view the place. Nothing but my great desire to fully understand the Parsee burial customs would have tempted me from the house, but such is human thirst after knowledge (to say nothing of curiosity) that even the scorching glare of old Sol became a matter of little moment. Casting aside every garment that could well be disposed of, I borrowed a gentleman's cork hat to prevent sunstroke, or, as they say in that country, "a touch of the sun," and started along the beach in the direction of the "Towers of Silence." Ascending the steps we were confronted by a sign printed in the English language, which warned us not to be found on the grounds after a certain hour. In response to a ring of the bell, the porter opened the gate; our passes were examined, and we walked into the corridor, where a miniature tower was explained

by this chatty individual. We passed into the grounds, and the little Parsee lady who accompanied me fairly gasped for breath as I hurled handfuls of interrogation-points at her, and wrote down her cheerful information in my note-book. The time passed faster than I had thought; indeed I was so interested in this little woman's explanation that I took no note of time, and when the funeral hour came around we found that we were locked in the grounds. The ringing of the bell and a knock at the gate reminded me that a funeral procession was about to enter. I did not know what the penalty might be for this intrusion, which on my part was quite unintentional, but I resolved to "stand ground" and face it out. My friend suggested that we quietly retreat, and seek the entrance by a less frequented path, but "retreat" does not figure largely in my make-up. I hastily settled in my own mind a plan of action. From long association with all ranks and conditions of men, I have learned that a good way of escape out of a difficulty is to smile one's way through. I stepped toward the porter with as much of a smile as the solemnity of the occasion warranted, and in penitent tones expressed my deep regret at having transgressed the law, but suggested that, as I was already in forbidden grounds, it would be much better to remain; and, placing a coin in his hand, I seated myself where I could command a full view of the procession.

Those who attended the funeral drove up in carriages, but the remains were brought through the streets on a bamboo litter, the poles resting on the

shoulders of two front and rear bearers, and the sides on those of four marching between the front and rear men. As they reached the steps, the bearers of the dead headed the procession. They wore long, white dresses that fell from their neck to the ground, and were girded at the waist with a sash of the same material. The fingers of each hand were bound about with white gauze, and a mitten of the same goods was pulled over the hands. This was to prevent any possible contact with the unclothed dead, for the remains were only covered with a sheet. The relatives and mourners, some ten in all, followed two abreast, without demonstration of any kind; a coolie brought up the rear, leading a little yellow dog by a string. This strange procession moved slowly toward the tower. The iron doors on the side had been opened and a ladder placed before it. Up this the priest made his way, and the remains were handed to him, that he might place them upon the grating; this done, the little yellow dog, which protested loudly, was also handed up and placed in the tower for a few moments. The sheet was removed, the dog handed down, the descent of the priest was accomplished, the pall-bearers drew from their fingers the wrappings, and the iron doors were shut. At this particular time there chanced to be no vultures on that tower, but they had settled in numbers on the others near by. During the entire ceremony they "perched and sat, nothing more," not even a feather moving; but the moment they heard the click of the iron door it served as a signal to call them to action. They rose,

as if on one wing, and settled in the interior of the tower. We remained seated for about half an hour, and saw the birds return to their perch, knowing that every atom of flesh had been devoured, and the bones had fallen from the grating to the bottom, some two hundred feet below.

When the dog is placed in the tower with the remains, his movements are watched by the priest. Should he go over and kiss the face of the dead, it signifies a happy and eternal repose; but failing to do this, the news is reported to the family of the departed one, and his name is never again spoken within the household.

THE END.

HE WORLD THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES

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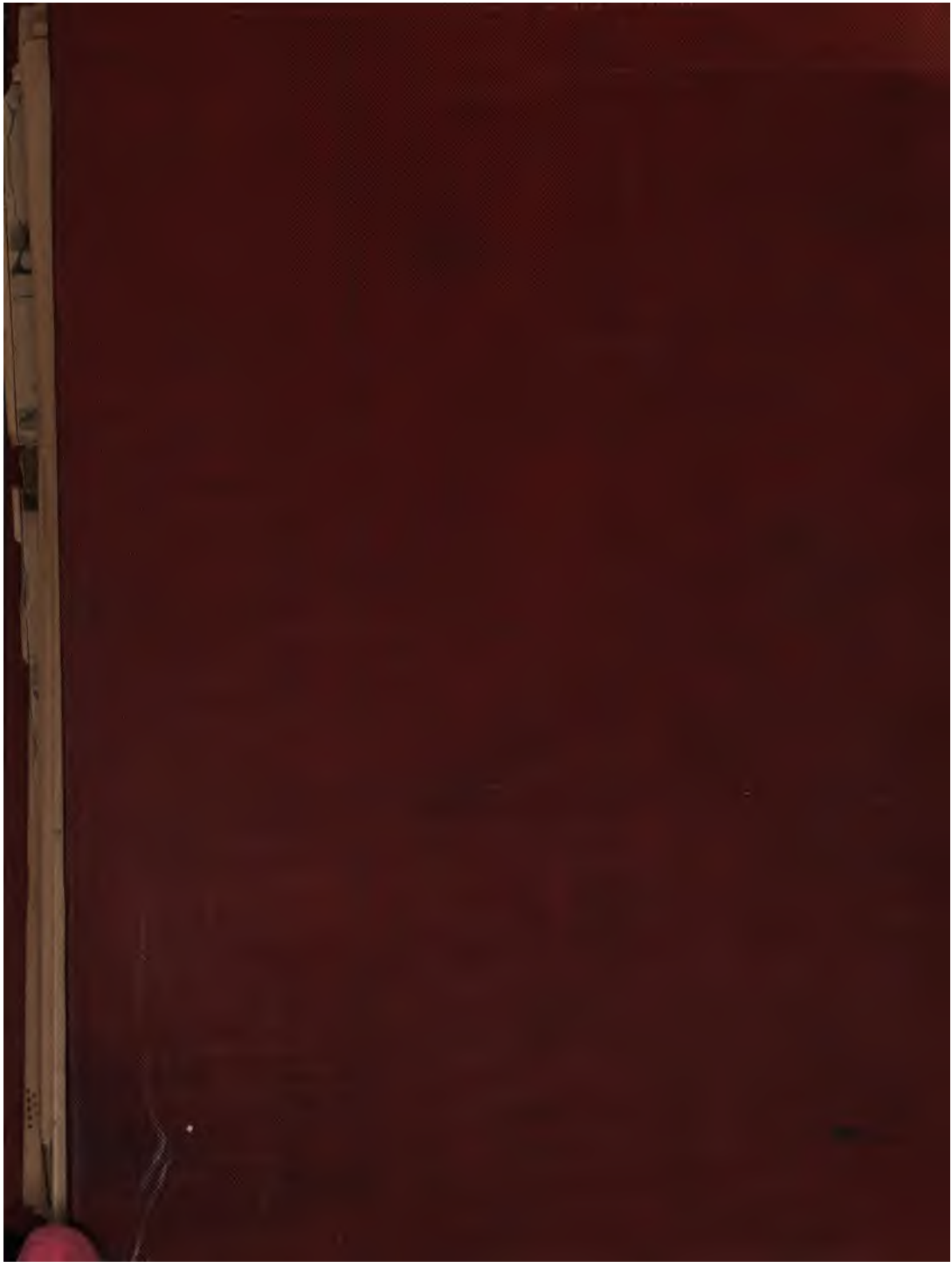
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